Commence the year well. Sign our free Zepp. Insurance-Coupon Page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX No. 552. | SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1916 | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

6548501

For meaning of this number see p iii of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

Why do the people who buy EXCELDA Handkerchiefs always come back for more?

Because the people know a GOOD THING and recognise merit. They see GOOD VALUE in EXCELDA Handkerchiefs. They appreciate good quality, good workmanship, and good taste. The people soon find out when an article is made to wear and give full satisfaction.

That's why the people buy EXCELDA Handkerchiefs.

Ask for EXCELDA and insist upon having EXCELDA.

Ask for EXCELDA Soft Collars, Fronts & Shirts.

Steele's Adv. Ser.

"You know what G.H.Q. means—

"But has it ever been your luck to go into some Furniture Stores that I could name, where all the price-labels are marked with mysterious letters and figures that may mean anything? You ask the assistant to explain—and he looks you up and down—calculates your income—and then asks as much as he thinks you will stand for! That's not the 'Midland' way of doing business—

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

"Look through the whole of the £100,000 of superb furniture in the 'Midland' Salons and you'll find every price marked in plain figures. You can read it without help! You can see what you save. It's the right price—and the whole price. You pay not a penny of interest, not an extra of any kind, if you decide to furnish out of income on the 'Midland' Ideal Terms."

Write for the Free Book to-day!

£13 13s. 0d.

Dining Room Suite of distinctive design, soundly constructed of Fumed Oak, consisting of handsome Sideboard, with inlaid panels; 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. Gate-leg Table; and 4 small Chairs and 2 Carvers with seats covered in Rexine of any colour.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Ideal Terms

Town or Country.

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £0	5 6
£20 - 0	11 0
£30 - 0	16 6
£40 - 1	2 0
£50 - 1	7 6
£100 - 2	15 0
£200 - 5	10 0
£500 - 13	15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

10% Discount for Cash.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.

THE CASE FOR PROHIBITION

STILL BEING SUPPORTED BY FALSE STATEMENTS AND MISLEADING FIGURES.

THE "Strength of Britain Movement," on their own admission, stand convicted of employing, so far as the Distillation of Spirits in the United Kingdom is concerned, alleged facts and figures that are entirely misrepresentative of the true position and which are grossly misleading to the general public.

The Distillers of the United Kingdom have not ventured into the Advertising World for mere sake of controversy. Under ordinary circumstances they would have allowed this Prohibition Propaganda to pass unnoticed, had it been conducted upon truthful and legitimate lines; but the Public now know that the case for Prohibition has been and still is being built upon facts and figures which are exaggerated and, in a great degree, untruthful.

A Catalogue of Mis-Statements.

IN an extravagant and Money Wasting Campaign the Sponsors of the "Strength of Britain Movement" originally founded their case for Prohibition upon facts and figures such as (1) Waste of Man Power (2) Waste of Shipping Space (3) Waste of Grain and Sugar (4) Waste of Coal (5) The methods of France and Russia. Since the public have been informed by the Distillers of the United Kingdom of the inaccuracy of such facts and figures, the "Strength of Britain Movement" have had to remodel their line of attack.

The Truth Regarding Spirits.

THE Distillers of the United Kingdom have produced official facts and figures which cannot be challenged. The Distilling Industry have proved that instead of contributing to a state of inefficiency, they are an active factor in helping the Country to Win the War. They have shown that at least 86 per cent. of the entire output of the Distilleries of the United Kingdom is being, or will shortly be, appropriated for Munitions and essential Industrial purposes, and having done so, they have knocked the bottom out of the Prohibition case for the shutting down of Distilleries.

The Prohibitionists Climb Down.

IN their so-called reply to the Distillers the Prohibitionists admit the Truth thus:—

"It is quite true that the Government has commandeered "70% of the output of Alcohol for the vital purposes of "Munitions. Our aim is to secure the remaining 30% "also being devoted to the same purposes."

This is indeed a significant confession, likewise a miserable ending to their campaign of misleading facts and figures, but nevertheless it is not "the whole truth." For there never has been any question of alcohol being "commandeered" by the Government. Indeed for the last twelve months the Distillers have been working in close co-operation with the Ministry of Munitions, and no pressure ever has been, or ever will be, necessary to ensure the Distillers' whole-hearted co-operation.

The Prohibitionists have already been informed that the Government and other necessary Industrial requirements will, before the end of the year, actually reach 85 per cent. of the output of the Distilleries of the United Kingdom, leaving only 14 per cent. available for ultimate human consumption. Even this small percentage is at the disposal of the Government should they deem it necessary for their requirements.

Separating Truth from Fiction.

SO far as the Distilling Industry of the United Kingdom is concerned, the Prohibitionists on their own confession are guilty of an unscrupulous attempt to mislead the Public to this extent, that 86 per cent. of their charges in respect to the waste of Man Power, Grain, Shipping and Coal are untrue, and as regards their attributing Waste can be applied to Spirits, simply on account of the fact that, according to Official Returns for the year ending 30th September, 1916, the total quantity of Sugar used in the manufacture of Spirits was 34 cwts.

The Real Aim of Prohibitionists.

HAVING been found out in their misguiding campaign against Waste, would it no be more honest of the Prohibitionists to frankly state their avowed aim? Is it not a fact, and quite patent even to the most unobservant that the real motive underlying their Campaign is the complete elimination of the Manufacture, Sale and Consumption of Alcohol in the United Kingdom, not only for the period of the War but for all time? Is it not true that those who have always advocated Prohibition believe that under the cloak of War they will be able to rush to a successful conclusion their desire for Prohibition?

The inference to be drawn from the tone of the Prohibition Campaign is that excessive drinking is the rule, not the exception. The Official Returns conclusively prove that Great Britain is to-day more temperate than ever she has been before in her history.

Facts about Russia and France.

MUCH is made by the "Strength of Britain Movement" of the alleged prohibition of alcoholic liquor in Russia and France. The facts are these: in the former country it is Vodka that is prohibited. Apart from Absinthe the only alcohol that has been withdrawn by the French Government is the cheap manufacture from potatoes, beet or cider which is known as "*Alcool*." The French Government is credited with no such intention as interfering with, or restricting the use of, pure grape wines and brandies. Far from prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors other than those required for munition purposes, the French Government takes pains to see that the Troops, and others engaged in arduous operation in connection with the War are supplied with wines, and recently commandeered 240,000,000 gallons of this season's vintage for the use of the Troops.

A Slander on the Working Classes

IT is a cruel slander on the people, particularly the Working Classes, to say that by their drinking habits they are retarding their Country's progress and efficiency. The accusations cast upon the Working Classes, particularly in respect to excessive drinking, have been tested and found untrue, whereas there is no divided opinion in the Country as to the magnificent services rendered by the Working Classes in providing our Gallant Troops with the sinews of War.

THE Distillers of Great Britain are at the service of the Nation. Their business has been created by public demand, and it is for the public to decide whether or not Prohibition shall be introduced.

The Distillers are using the Press to-day because they reserve the right to refute the false statements, inaccuracies and misleading figures which are being utilised by the "Strength of Britain Movement" to support the case for Prohibition.

The Public have to decide big issues and therefore the Public must know the facts—must know the truth.

This is the raison d'etre of the Distillers' publicity.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 22.

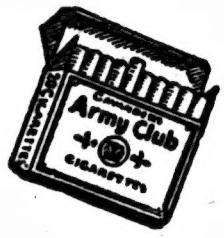
The "ARMY VET." STABLES.

One of my sergeants says he knows all about horses because he was in a Circus. Well I know something about horses too, and I'm never fed up with Gees, but mules are the limit . . . why the other day an innocent looking one let out at the "C. O." . . . fortunately I had an Army Club Cigarette to offer him and saved the situation.

Cavander's "ARMY CLUB" Cigarettes

20 for 9d., *50 for 1/10½, 100 for 3/9.*

We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to any member of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, packed in airtight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist, or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries. London Postal Address: 167, Strand, W.C.



For a mellow, non-bite Mixture, try Cavander's "Army Mixture" 7½d. per oz., 2/6 ¼lb. tin.

YOUR LAST CHANCE

TO OBTAIN THE £1 BOOK FOR 5/-

THIS WEEK 5/-

NEXT WEEK 20/-

We regret that, owing to the enormous demand, after this week we shall be unable to offer the £1 book for 5/-. The huge increase in the cost of materials, labour and production prevent our bringing out a fresh edition for the present. We have reserved enough copies to supply applicants provided they apply immediately, but all orders will be dealt with in strict rotation.

Mr. Horatio BOTTOMLEY:

"One of the most compact and useful reference books in my library. I wish it every success."

A certain supply has been set aside for our foreign and colonial readers.

Yours for 5/-

(By post 5/6 6/- Abroad)

AND THIS GIFT COUPON

The JOHN BULL Dictionary Dept., 11 & 13, Southampton Row, London, W.C. **(FINAL COUPON)**

I desire to have my name put on the list of JOHN BULL applicants for the £1 Presentation Copies of the Modern English Dictionary, and enclose cheque (or postal order) for 5s. 6d. in full payment, including postage. *Foreign and Colonial Postage 6d. extra.* **I understand that the money will be returned at once and in full to any applicant who, after receiving the Dictionary, is not completely satisfied with it.—Yours faithfully,**

Name (Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss),

.....

Address .....

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An Edition de Luxe of this Dictionary, gilt edges, an Ideal Gift Book, gracing any table and any occasion, can be supplied for 2s. 6d. extra. Goatskin Library Edition, 15s. extra.

The Advertisers' Guarantee is on page 22.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 552. Week ending Saturday, December 30th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

A Happy New Year!

Although last week we were unable to indulge in the time-honoured wish for a "Merry Xmas" to our readers, we can to-day extend to them, in all sincerity, our confident hopes for a Happy New Year; and elsewhere we give our reasons for that belief. So here goes—A Happy New Year to All!

The New Government

And good luck to the new Government and to its head. We confess that we were a little disappointed in the Premier's speech—but he had been ill; and we have recently had personal experience of how the "flu." saps one's vitality. Speaking generally, there is just a little too much "groping" for solutions, and rather too great a tendency to hand us all over to "Controllers." But *anything* is better than the old order.

Mr. Asquith.

Congratulations to the ex-Premier on the patriotic tone of *his* speech. "There is no Opposition," said he. *That's* the line to take; and it was a timely rebuff to the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, only the day previous, had expressed his "amazement" at various proposals of the new Government. He had gone off, half-cock, it seems. But, of course, Mr. Asquith *had* to get one in, and he did it rather neatly. "We must not mistake bustle for business," said he. Certainly *he* never made that mistake, any way!

"No Opposition."

But what about the activities of Mr. McKenna—who, apparently, does not like Mr. Asquith's snub? We must keep an eye on Mac; and so must the ex-Premier.

Judicial Changes.

Several Judges are going, and, amongst the new ones, look out for Mr. Leslie Scott, K.C.—our greatest commercial lawyer. *What* a Solicitor-General he would have made!

Our Bread.

So the Government have decided to throw away the copybooks, and to guarantee the farmers a paying price for their corn! Who shall say what will be the outcome of this experiment? Verily, we are "making good."

Watch Hungary.

And also Bohemia. Don't forget.

And Watch Winston.

Governments always do things when the House is "up." Look out for some big surprises; and, above all, watch Winston.

Two for One.

It was because we threatened, if he was murdered, to kill two German submarine Commanders whom we hold as prisoners of war that Captain Blaikie's life was spared by the Germans. The new Government *is* getting to work isn't it?

Runciman's Folly.

After the stupid mess of the late President of the Board of Trade, the three-course dinner is doomed. Runciman's ridiculous scheme, like the author of it, will soon be scrapped.

A Nasty Book.

It is called "Cleansing London"—and is brimful of nastiness. The Bishop of London would be well advised to withdraw it—at any rate till after the war. And we notice that the invention about the letter written by Lord Roberts shortly before his death has now become a cry uttered "with his latest breath." We shall make some interesting disclosures shortly about this exploitation of the name of the dead soldier.

Food Economy.

Will the Food Controller direct his attention to one form of wasteful food expenditure, which has long been a crying scandal? We refer to the custom of certain shops, *and Stores*, of charging heavy paper wrappers as part of the weight in selling tea, sugar, etc. We have some shameful examples before us. Would Lord Devonport like to have them?

Unclaimed Bank Balances.

Remarkable instances of the way in which, in war-time, huge sums fall into the hands of Bankers, never to be heard of again, reach us every day; and some of them will be disclosed in a series of articles we are about to write for the *City John Bull*. Look out for them.

A School Item.

We are undoubtedly teaching the young idea "how to shoot." Here is an interesting item—and similar ones reach us weekly—from an Army Schoolmaster at Portsmouth:—"I was explaining to the boys the recent events in the Cabinet, and had mentioned that Mr. Bonar Law had declined to form a new Cabinet, and that the King had to turn elsewhere for his new Prime Minister, when Samuel Jones, a lad of 10 years, suddenly put up his hand. In reply to my query, he said, 'Please, sir, why doesn't he ask Mr. Bottomley: he has done a lot of good things in this war?' A chorus of 'Oh! yes, sir,' broke out from the remainder of the class, as if Sam had solved the problem." We must send Sam a Christmas greeting

Your New Year's Resolution should be to sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on p. iii. of Cover.

"Peace on Earth."

Christmastide invariably brings to the minds and lips of men the salutation familiar to us in the third Gospel, "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men." That is, however, not the accurate translation; what it should be is "Peace on earth to men of goodwill." The salutation in this truer, but somewhat less familiar, form has a deep significance for the Kaiser. "Peace to men of goodwill!" Till he has made expiation, and given guarantees for his goodwill, he will neither get peace nor deserve it.

Good Out of Evil.

We have always believed the idea of Business Government would materialise out of cataclysm and not out of natural evolution. More than once or twice we have said so, but confessedly we were not thinking of the cataclysm of a world-rocking war. A crisis in which were involved vital issues for the nation and the Empire was bound to reveal the political Party Government game in its true colours of farce and failure. It has been tried in the fires and weighed in the balances. Unless after the war the British people lose their senses, its day in this country is over.

"Oh, for a——"

Week in and week out, on platform and paper, we have hammered that nail, and at last it is driven right home. Even down to the last and latest appointments, the Business Government idea runs through the new Ministry under Mr. Lloyd George. The recognition of the idea is of course one thing—its realisation *in* business government is another. But if difficulties were made to be overcome, the Business men start with much in their favour. It is up to them, leaving the politicians aside, to make good. For making the crooked paths straight, they ought to send us something nice for the New Year.

Fog and Folly.

Seventy-four people have been knocked down and badly injured in the darkened streets of London in six days. This emphasises what we recently said. The darkness is bad, but some of the taxi, 'bus, and motor drivers are mad, and their pace on earth must be stayed. Also when the normal night of London was made black as the tomb by fog, why didn't the authorities announce that the lighting restrictions were relaxed? There could be no danger of Zepps on such a night. However, it is something to know that arrangements are now to be made to provide flares in future.

Sacrificial.

While our legislators have steadfastly refused to apply to themselves in the Houses of Parliament the drink restrictions and prohibitions which apply to the rest of the community, they have condescended to mortify the flesh by agreeing to the new regulations limiting the luncheon and dinner menu in hotels, clubs, and restaurants. This is well; but what is the betting that, if the pumpuritans succeed in imposing total Prohibition, M.P.s will not still be found drinking at the bar instead of at the fountain?

What is "Adequate"?

The United States apparently think that the word "adequate," in Mr. Asquith's peace conditions—"adequate reparation for the past, adequate security for the future"—ought to be defined. In face of the Germhun crimes in Belgium and France, in remembrance of the *Lusitania*, Nurse Cavell, Captain Fryatt—thinking of all the atrocities inspired and engineered by the miscreants of Potsdam—what do they really consider the definition of "adequate" ought to be? Should it not be "ample"? And does not ampleness in the case imply the surrender of at least a round dozen of those miscreants to an international Court of Justice, with a few hangings afterwards?

The Seat and the Sitter.

If the Ministers' Seats Bill were not limited in its operation to present cases, it would have to be opposed. From a new Minister's point of view, it is of course an excellent and essential measure; many a Minister has gone down like a ninepin on seeking re-election, as Mr. Masterman well knows. Even if the new men are not put to the risk of losing their seats, they certainly ought to go down to their constituents and have a heart-to-heart talk with them.

A Sorry Jest.

That Forth and Clyde Canal, which would give a new and wonderful mobility to our Fleet and add immensely to the value of Rosyth as a naval base, will not be completed in our time. It is too obvious a necessity; remember that the making of Rosyth itself was delayed to danger point. "Will you guarantee it will be finished before we are at war with Germany?" Mr. McKenna was asked by an M.P. in the piping times of peace. "Yes," came the answer, and the House of Commons roared with laughter. But war came, and the egregious politicians laughed on the other side of their faces.

A Good Idea.

Is there any earthly reason why the Allied Governments—especially England and Russia, whose hospital ships have been sunk by the Huns, wilfully and in daylight—should not at once—and for a change—send a note to Mr. Wilson, insisting that the Americans should hand over to the Allies some at least of the German passenger vessels, such as the *Vaterland* and similar liners now lying in New York and other harbours, to be fitted up and used as hospital ships only for the duration of the war, replacing the *Britannic* and other Red Cross ships which have been sunk, against all the rules of warfare?

And Another.

By the way, will the new Government also demand from the United States the release of the *Appam*, captured by the *Moewe*, and taken into American waters? It is time something strong was done in regard to this case, too.

Runciman the Impossible.

Probably nobody was ever more impressed with the talents of Mr. Runciman than Mr. Runciman himself, and it is evidently with a shock and a shudder he makes the public declaration that he was not asked by Mr. Lloyd George to continue his pathetic work in the new Government. If he had been providentially endowed with any spinal marrow at all, he would have tackled the Food Problem many moons ago, and not temporised and tinkered with it until, as it reaches the new Director of the Diet, it is almost out of hand. While he remained at his post, we do not believe it would have been any more effectively handled during the remainder of the war than at the beginning.

The Armenian Atrocities.

We do not know any infamy in the history of the world to equal the spectacle of the Kaiser and his Potsdam gang shutting their eyes while Enver Pasha and Talaat Bey, by their troops and emissaries, butchered, tortured, raped, and despoiled in Armenia. Partial accounts have previously appeared in the newspapers; but the complete story is told in the book "The Treatment of Armenians in the Ottoman Empire." Six hundred thousand Armenian victims; for a whole month corpses floating down the Euphrates, often two to six bodies bound together—men, women and children—mutilated beyond description, many stranded on the bank and devoured by dogs and vultures. God in his heaven must exact expiation to the full for these things, or surely there can be no God!

The best New Year's Gift is a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 20.

Women's Humanity League.

From Bradford comes to us an anti-patriotic pro-Germhun, stop-the-war screed from a lady who signs herself "Acting Sec. Women's Humanity League." She hopes, she says, we will publish her letter; "all of it, not extracts." Hope tells a fairy tale in this instance. We would not publish her letter even in the waste-paper basket, so we have cast it into the fiery furnace.

Tea Shop Profiteers.

Pats of butter are now being sold in various tea, bun, and milk shops at 1½d. each. The pats, so our information is, are supplied from the wholesalers at an average of thirty-six to the pound. That is to say, these places are charging their customers 4s. 6d. a pound. As this is a voluntary price paid by the consumer you can't call it sheer robbery on the part of the shops, but if there is any other appropriate name for it in the dictionary we have not been able to find it.

Those Registered Letters.

One more loss of money in the post—and one more tip. The money, two 10s. notes, was sent, registered, to a soldier in camp, but he never received it. The G. P. O. cannot suppose the letter was tampered with, or lost, in the post. All they do seem to know is that they are not liable to pay compensation because, though the money was sent by registered letter, it was not "enclosed in one of the registered letter envelopes sold by the Post Office." Good wives remitting to good husbands, please always buy a "registered letter envelope" at the P. O.!

Arms and the Men.

It is characteristic of Germhun mentality that Bernstorff, the Kaiser's ambassadorial Macchiavelli in the United States, is now declaring that no peace can be lasting without a reduction of European armaments. This unscrupulous and unconscionable diplomatic intriguer knows well enough—and President Wilson can hardly have forgotten—that time after time this country has gone out of its way to offer Germhuny friendlier relations on the basis of armament reduction. But the Peace of the Allies will involve a reduction of armaments right enough. Count von Bernstorff needn't worry about that.

The National Reserve.

With Home Defence so often the topic of the day, it seems usual to clinch all discussion and argument by pointing to the Volunteers as the force upon which the country must rely. Nobody appears to advance the claims—much less to recognise the value—of the National Reserve. Lord Roberts, in his wisdom, appreciated and loved them; they are men after his own heart, a body of some 300,000 highly-trained, seasoned men, each over 45, but full of the necessary grit and experience. The force, we believe, could easily be raised to half-a-million. Why should such men lie idle and discouraged because of cold official neglect?

The Brute and the Beast.

Not the least brutal of the many heartless brutes who still, unfortunately, bear the name of Briton, is Herbert Balson, a Poole cartage contractor. This being, in Dickensonian phrase, "erect on two legs and bearing all the outward semblance of a man," because it was unable to pull its load belaboured a horse he was driving until it fell dead. Having since gone into the Army, he was not present to hear the sentence of a month's hard labour passed on him by the Wareham Magistrates, and it is not likely the Army authorities will deliver him to undergo it. Perhaps it is as well. The Germhuns may more suitably dispose of him.

A Doctor at Stockport.

Here is a terrible story in a few lines: A mother, whose child was dying, called on a doctor to attend it. He was at home, it was seven in the evening, there were no patients waiting. He asked for his fee, and refused to examine the child till he obtained it. "When I told him I had no money," she said at the inquest, for her dear one is dead now, "he opened the door and showed me out." She said to him, "I am a soldier's wife," and that medical gentleman replied, "I don't care what you are." We wonder if his colleagues care what that doctor is?

An Ignorant Grunt.

There is a Magistrate in Dublin named Drury, and he fined two women £2 each for selling vulgar and indecent postcards. "These cards might be good enough for a slum in the East-end of London," said the delectable Drury, "but they are not fit to be exhibited or sold in Dublin." There appear to be strange people about, with funny notions as to what occurs in the East-end of London. There are poor people living in that East-end, but, for morality cleanliness, and decency, they stand on a high level—one that would compare favourably with, and probably surpass, the record of "dear, dirty Dublin" itself.

Maids of Maida Vale.

The attention of the Insurance Commissioners is directed, not for the first time, to the conditions prevalent at the old Maida Vale Skating Rink, where about 700 of their clerks—mostly female—are employed. "It's all right in the summer-time"—or nearly so; but the draughts, the glass roof, and the icy conditions generally just now are so dangerous that some people call it a trap for coughs, colds and influenza. Radiators are installed, but even when oil lamps are added the result is unsatisfactory, and it is gravely suggested that about 20 per cent. of the staff are usually away sick. It makes strange headquarters for "Health" Insurance.

More about Nurses.

Apparently there is no end to the discussion about V.A.D. nurses. We are told now that they get £20 a year and "allowances." We shall only say we have heard of some who are not so fortunate. Another point of professional etiquette relates to a war hospital near Edinburgh. "Why," we are asked, "is an asylum nurse given the title and position of a trained sister, and a trained sister put under her? And why is there only one trained sister to 106 patients?" Our answer must be the comprehensive one, "We do not know"—but we regret such petty bickerings, because they evince a state of feeling that does not make for the comfort of the boys.

A Put-Up Job?

Internal signs are not wanting that the resolution in favour of general total Prohibition passed by the "Clyde and West of Scotland Shipbuilders and Marine Engineers" is what is known in the street as "a put-up job." The resolution makes no secret of the fact that it was passed in response to an inquiry by the Board of Trade—presumably the late Board of Trade—as to what steps could be taken to accelerate production of merchant vessels. It is not clear how depriving the British workman in, say, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, or London of his glass of beer is going to assist Bobby Burns to build ships on the Clyde. Probably if the Board of Trade had inquired what steps should be taken to win the war, the persons who professedly speak for the C. and W. S. Engineers would have suggested the total prohibition of Tommy's tots of rum.

There is £250 waiting for YOU. See page 28.

"Billets" by the Sea.

Once more we urge that soldiers should be billeted on boarding-house keepers instead of in empty houses. This applies more especially to hard-hit seaside towns, such as Broadstairs, where the distress among the landladies is very great. The billet money would help them to pay their rates, for which they are being summoned, while the benefit to the soldiers would be incalculable, for the grateful women would treat them well. As a Broadstairs reader says:—"I see men, with four gold stripes for wounds, who have to sleep on the floors of empty houses." Yet there are beds and warmth and comfort ready for them, if the War Office would permit.

Mother and Child.

Surely these are no days in which to tear a child from its mother's arms, while the father is serving in the Army? It has happened at Hull, where, on the application of the Education authorities, a "neatly-dressed, bright little girl of 12, who looked well cared for," was committed to an Industrial School until she is 16. It was done because they said the child was irregular at school. Against this the mother said the girl suffered from biliousness, and she herself had been ill. Mother and child were in tears. "Don't send her away; she is the only one I have left!"—such was the mother's heart cry, alas! unavailing. And what of the heart-cry of that father in the ranks?

Piety for a Profit.

In the *Belfast Evening Telegraph* of recent date appears this advertisement: "Gentleman, with about £5,000 capital to spare would like to meet smart, young, energetic Christian gentleman with a view to partnership, either in the linen, dyeing, or similar trade that is sure to bring in a good percentage. . . . Applicants must meet with people known as Brethren, and must take a lively interest in Gospel work; no others will be replied to." The name of the advertiser is not disclosed, but in our mind's eye we can see him and his energetic Christian partner moving round among the Brethren with a Bible in one hand and an order book in the other.

For the Girls' Sake.

Girls engaged in shell-filling add their words to the number we have printed about the train accommodation provided—or not provided—for them. The present complaint comes from the Liverpool district, and concerns the Cheshire Lines Committee. In the morning these girls have to stand at night, after about twelve hours' labour, they are obliged to crush, eighteen at a time, into compartments for ten. The first-class carriages are practically empty, but the girl dare not desecrate them by using them; as an official remarked, "Cattle trucks are good enough for munition girls." We beg to differ, and we put it to the Cheshire Lines Committee that better arrangements should be made; the present ones could not be much worse.

Wheat Lands Lying Idle.

We have before us particulars of idle farm lands belonging to the Tehidy estate in Cornwall. One, Great Manckuke, near Redruth, is 250 acres, one of the best wheat-producing farms in the West of England. It produced 50 acres of wheat this year, but has been idle since September last. Another wheat farm of 300 acres, Pengan, near Redruth, has one labourer, and practically nothing is doing there. Another wheat farm of 180 acres, Trengove, near Redruth, has very little corn in. Farm Newton, same district, has 180 acres, not one-eighth now under cultivation for wheat. There is evidently plenty of scope in Cornwall for the activities of the new Minister of Agriculture.

Farmers and Pig-Litters

In the last days of the Old Dispensation the Board of Agriculture, learning that mainly on account of the cost of feeding stuffs farmers were destroying their pig-litters, "expressed the hope that the destruction of young pigs would cease, as they were really wanted for food." In the early course of his arduous labours it is desirable that Mr. Prothero should look into this litter-killing business and do something more than express hopes.

The City of Dreadful Night

We are all agreed as to the necessity and propriety of keeping the streets as dark as may be during these nights of aerial assassins, but things seem to be carried to an unwonted extreme in Wolverhampton, if Councillor Evans is correct. He told the Council—"There are streets half-a-mile and three-quarters of a mile in length in which there was no light from one end to the other." That is carrying matters to too far a pitch—to pitch darkness, almost. In these benighted highways the Watch Committee might at least provide a few glow-worms.

Father and Sons.

A grand old man of Beckton, in Essex, complains, rightly enough, because he has received notice calling up one of his sons. The said son has been in the Army more than 12 months. Nor is that all. This fine old fellow has eight sons—or, we should say, unfortunately, *had*—serving in the Army and Navy. One has been killed, one is missing, and one is wounded. In the face of so splendid a family record this clumsy call-up of a lad already doing his bit is more than unfortunate. Our old friend wonders if they will call *him* next—he is nearly 70.

Parcel Puzzles.

Red tape, perhaps, amuses the people who tie it into knots, but it exasperates its victims. A gentleman packed a parcel of eatables for a Tommy in France. It weighed 8½ lbs., so he learned at the Post Office that anything over 7 lbs. must be refused. He went to Waterloo, to try the Forwarding Officer, and was informed his parcel must weigh 11 lbs. or more; if he added a brick, the lot could go for 1s. Not wishing to feed Tommy on bricks, he divided his parcel into two, and pays about 2s. 6d., because anything between seven and eleven pounds cannot go through—which is absurd, as Euclid said.

A Miners' Grievance.

One of those irritating happenings that dislocate labour in the coal-fields is reported to us from Lanarkshire. Told in homely language, the story is that certain men "were working on ton rate, and the Manager stopped the section, and all the men got the sack. A fortnight later work was re-started on shift wages—but manned with Poles in place of British workmen." Now those Britons "have endured partial reductions since the war and have kept quiet" from a feeling of loyalty, but their patience is highly tried when they find themselves finally ousted by cheaper foreign labour. Anger at such tyrannical treatment seems justified.

Agricultural.

Though, as our readers are aware, we know at least enough of the technical terminology appropriate to field and furrow to call a spade a spade and not "an agricultural implement." "A British Colonial" puts a question somewhat beyond us. "From what I can see in my own and surrounding districts," he says, "there is a fearful waste of farm labour. For instance, why not use double-furrow ploughs, with which three horses and a man would do the same work as four horses and two men with single-furrow ploughs?" What says the British farmer? Is it that he has used single-furrow ploughs from the day they were invented, since when he has used no other?

No home is complete without "Everywoman's." Tuesdays, One Penny.

At Southampton Docks.

Ex-soldiers and sailors find it difficult to be taken on at Southampton Docks; that must not be. Some weeks ago the names and addresses of all discharged service men were noted, with the promise that this would be to their advantage, but it appears to have had the contrary effect, for nothing has since been done.

For Better or Worse.

How the Bill for the celebration by proxy of the marriage of soldiers on active service will fare in the Melbourne Legislature, we do not know. If Mr. Hughes succeeds in placing it on the Statute Book it will certainly fill "a long-felt want," but in cases may be embarrassing. One of the classic lyrists remarks that you should never trust your demah with a pal. There will be less chance of misadventure if the proxy is the lady's mother, or father, or grandfather.

Apropos of Proxies.

Apropos of proxies, also chestnuts, Mr. Hughes may be interested in the story of the Yorkshire Vicar who, owing to the popularity of his church, had to marry a crowd at once. One Whit Monday, the happy couples were more numerous than usual and in the crush and the rush the good Vicar somehow mixed 'em up. When all was over and he was at the receipt of custom in the vestry, several of the parties complained that they had got the wrong mates. "Never mind," replied the Vicar cheerfully, "sort 'em out yourselves before you get home."

Hun Worshippers.

Newport (Mon.) has dismissed a German-born but naturalised schoolmaster, the step being approved by a town's meeting of 2,000 people. But Hun-lovers have seized the opportunity to air their affection for the foe, and some letters in the local press make sorry reading—the only redeeming feature being the fact that the man's son is fighting for us. Ministers of the Gospel refer to it as "a difficult and delicate educational question," and proclaim that it "drags our fair flag in the mire." But war is war.

"Should Auld Acquaintance——?"

That old acquaintance, E. Newbound, 20, Queen Square, Leeds, will not let us forget him. He is still at his old game, offering people who advertise for capital to invest "capital in my family, privately, at from 4½ to 5 per cent."—less than Bank rate or the interest on War Loan! All he wants to start with is his railway fare. "About two years ago," says one advertiser, whom he has tried a second time, "we paid his fare, as he said he would advance £1,000 if satisfactory. But no advance came. Cannot something be done to stop his little game?" We do all *we* can.

Railway Lines.

In the head office of a Scottish Railway Company there are about a dozen eligibles, all "indispensable," including one whose services are so important that his salary is about 15s. weekly. The staff has been recently reduced—the servants released were none of the eligibles, but a couple of ladies. Coming over the Border into England, we have accounts of a railway official who has been able to find soft jobs for three sons and two nephews, on railways or otherwise, here and in France. All five wear khaki—and make money—but it does not sound like soldiering.

How Not to do It.

Egham Tribunal considers its function is to send men, not into the army, but into munitions. No matter what their age, the uniform is not for them if they can, by hook or by crook, assume a mechanic's apron. From many cases, we pick this elegant example:—"A man named Snook, employed by Baron Schroeder, wanted advice. He had been allowed a month to get munition work, had not got it, but expected it. The *Military Representative suggested* he should be given another month, during which he must get munition work." Egham does not need a comb, but a purge.

Wait and See.

In a recent issue of the *Glasgow Herald* there appeared an "Appeal for Volunteer Munitions Workers," written by Captain Laird, the local Substitution Officer, applicants being invited to call at the Army Substitution Office, where the name, address, occupation, and age of applicants were entered on a form to be taken to the nearest Labour Exchange. This looked as though somebody were trying to be in a hurry to get the war over, but on arrival at the Labour Exchange applicants were informed by the officials that nothing was known there about the appeal. If this is a Caledonian joke, will somebody kindly explain it?

Blue or Khaki?

An unmarried constable, writing to the *Police Review*, protests too much. Somebody has told him he is shirking in the blue uniform, and he says he, a Hertfordshire man, has attested. But Hertfordshire policemen were asked by their Chief to volunteer before attestation was dreamed of, and many did so, including married men and fathers who sacrificed long service and promotion. Why did not that young man go with them? He advises people who "say that there is no crime," to "go to a town where soldiers are." That is a silly, lying slur. Let that constable go to a recruiting office where soldiers are, and join up. Then he will feel a man again.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (translation of German Chancellor's peace speech):—
"Our strength has not made our ears DUMB against our responsibility before God, before our own nation, and before humanity."

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—
"Widow has large Bed-Sitting-Room, SUITABLE GENTLEMAN SHARING; highest references."

"EVENING NEWS":—
"If young couples cannot have gold wedding rings, they can have them made of PALLADIUM. PALLADIUM is worth four times as much as pure gold."

"MACCLESFIELD COURIER":—
"Miss —— is the elder daughter of the late Hon. —— and of the Hon. Mrs. ——, IN THE UNAVOIDABLE ABSENCE OF HER UNCLE, Lord ——."

"THE GIRLS READER":—
"His FAIR HAIR WAS SCARLET WITH PASSION."

"LANCASHIRE DAILY POST" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, early February, Woman, to MAKE Lancashire cheese and MILK."

"OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE" (heading):—
"Enemy Driven Back for 700 MILES. Serbian Official."

"NOVEL MAGAZINE":—
"From the window a very extensive view could be obtained, both south and EAST where glowed the red haze of SUNSET."

"SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH" ("Wanted" advertisement):
"Man, strong, to CARRY OFF MOTOR LORRY."

"JUST FOR TWO COOKERY":—
"Boil in COLD water twenty minutes."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To President Wilson, U.S.A.

MR. PRESIDENT,—It is not for me to anticipate the reply of the Allied nations—by which I mean those who are fighting Germany—to your "Note." But as representing the great British public in a sense at least as thorough as the Government can claim, I venture to express my regret at your intervention. I cannot for a moment believe that *you* are the author of this remarkable effusion. It bears the suspicion of German inspiration in almost every line, and I am surprised that you should have put your signature to it. Believe me, Mr. President, it will have no effect on this side of the Herring Pond—even if the prolongation of hostilities *does* bring America to the verge of war. After all, she has had a good time of it these last two years; and if the high humanitarian motives and methods of the Kaiser have suddenly dawned upon her—well, say the word. We are in no mood for exchanging "Notes." In the past you have been "too proud to fight"; just now, we are too busy to "argify." We don't want to quarrel with you; it will be a satire upon civilisation if the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race ever come into conflict; but don't worry us, there's a good chap. We are very busy "wiping something off the slate," and we have no time for diplomatic correspondence. Go on looking on, and piling up the dollars. But if you really wish to know what we are fighting for, to save time I'll tell you—to smash the German Empire into atoms and free the world, for ever, from the Peril of Potsdam and the Blasphemy of Berlin. Shake!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons.

DEAR MR. LOWTHER,—A certain "incident" in which you played a part has rather puzzled me. When you were asked in the House about your private suggestion that the seats behind ex-Ministers should be reserved "for their usual political supporters," you deemed that the only change that the crisis had made was that "one Liberal Prime Minister had succeeded another Liberal Prime Minister," and declared that "there was now an Opposition which there was not before." Yet when Mr. Asquith spoke he denied the truth of what he had heard you say, and expressly asserted that he made no claim to be "the leader of what is called an Opposition." Moreover, he did not speak as "the head of the Liberal Party." You will appreciate the importance of all this from what we call the Parliamentary point of view. But, as I know you for a shrewd observer of the political currents, I am inclined to believe that your reading of the situation will be found to be the true one. Time will tell.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—A very few lines to tell you I am glad to notice you have pledged yourself to discover the anywhereabouts of that wait-and-see Dukes of Cumberland and Albany Bill which Mr. Asquith, "vowing he would ne'er consent, consented" to introduce into Parliament. The pledge was to deprive those Hunnish traitors of their British honours, titles, and seats in the House of Lords. I have more than once expressed my fear that the ex-Premier had somehow mislaid that Bill, and like little Bo-Peep didn't know where to find it. I accept your promise to dig it up, if extant. The present status of these royal traitors revolts and outrages the patriotic sentiments of our country.

JOHN BULL.

To J. M. Henderson, Esq., M.P.

DEAR M.P.,—You were recently expressing to the House of Commons, on your sacred honour, your conscientious conviction that the Government appointed a War Savings Committee to preach economy to the community for bluff, while they practised chucking money away for exercise. "I am sure," you said, "large sums of money are being spent extravagantly in certain Government Departments." When you're quite convalescent, have another look round, and you may catch 'em lighting their pipes with War Loan and Treasury notes.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, Minister of War.

DEAR LORD DERBY,—I hope you are too deeply pledged in reputation, and must be too deeply associated in duty towards attested men, to lend yourself to the truculent illegalities to which they have latterly been subjected by what are generally known as the "military authorities." It looks as though the recruiting officials of the War Office have lost all sense of legality as well as of scruple. They have been calling up for re-examination medically rejected attested men whom they well knew are excluded in explicit terms of law—in the hope that bluff and bounce and bullying will rope in, as they have done, many men not in a position to contest their action. I am glad to say, my Lord, that in the South-Western Police Court these Zabernistic recruiters—believing they were a law unto themselves, treating Parliament with contempt and civil rights with derision—have at last got a fall. The case was that of an unattested man who had been rejected as medically unfit, who had not received the pink form before 1st September, 1916, or since, and who nevertheless was claimed as a Reserved man and summoned for being absent without leave. Their demand was strenuously resisted, and to mark his sense of their despotic action the Magistrate awarded costs against them. The decision was what they deserved, my Lord; it would be intolerable in a country still regarded as free if they were allowed to establish a tyranny in place of law.

JOHN BULL.

To Paul Taylor, Esq., Marylebone Police Court.

YOUR WORSHIP,—Shop-lifting is a peculiarly mean and contemptible form of theft, because when it goes undetected it often throws on the unfortunate shop hands a suspicion they often find it very hard to remove. I therefore congratulate you on your determination to do your best, as you express it, "to put down the disgraceful thieving that is going on at places like Selfridges," and I commend your sentence of six weeks' imprisonment in the second division—but why second?—on two miserable married women, who stole blouses, gloves, jewellery, etc. But there must be some consistency in these sentences, and I rely upon you to act justly. Only the other day at another Court the Head Master of Dean Close Memorial School, Cheltenham, who had the advantage of being defended by an eminent K.C., was acquitted "amid the applause of those in Court." He was "only wool-gathering" when he took goods from one department after another, gave a card with a false name and address, and, according to the evidence, attempted to bribe the police. Where does "gathering" end and "shop-lifting" begin? I only ask.

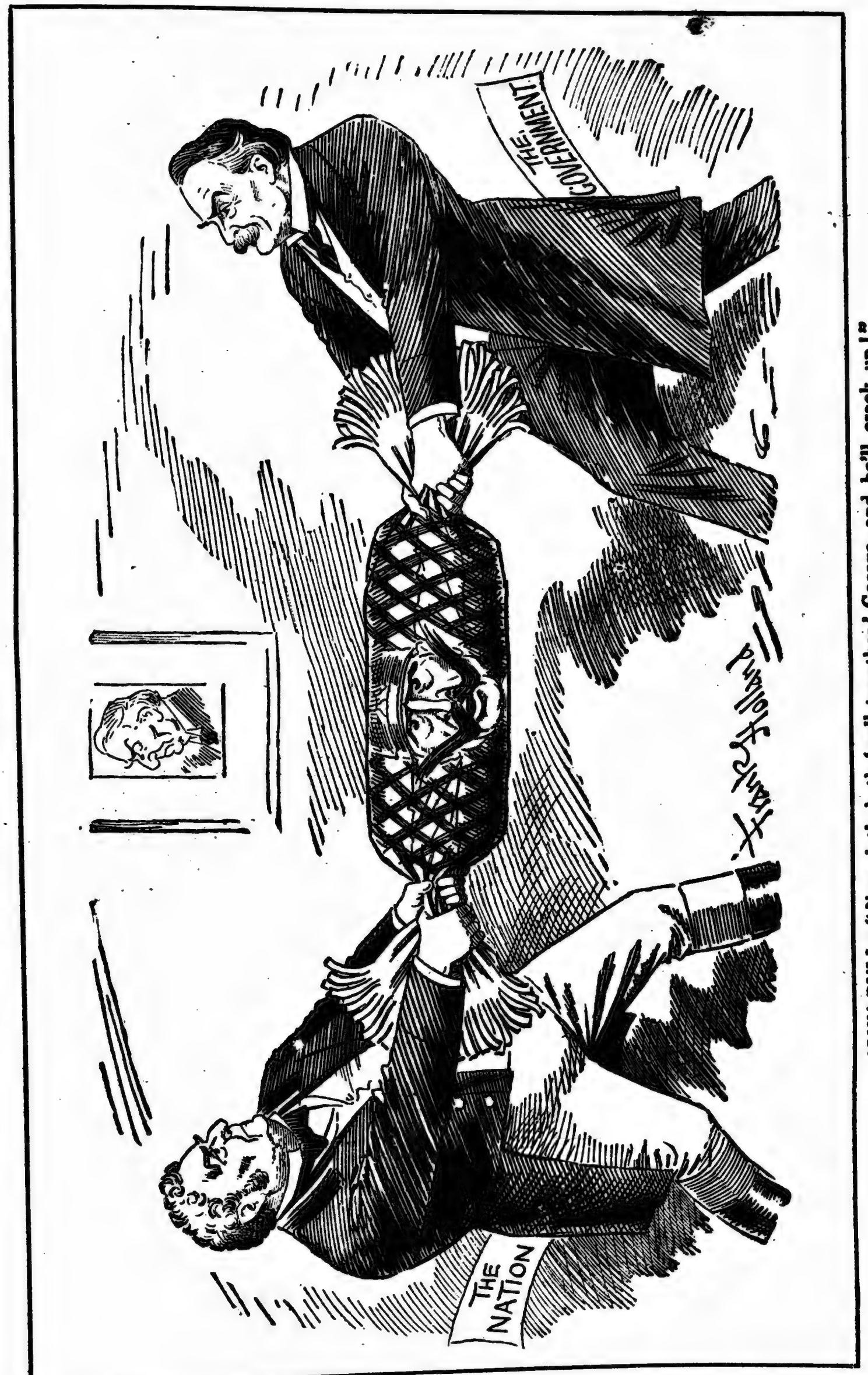
JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. G. T. Peet, Wesleyan Church, Peel, Isle of Man.

DEAR CRANK,—It is said that everybody is insane on some one subject. Yours is drink. And the mania worketh strong within you, breaking forth in sermon shape. You anticipated, if there were total prohibition, "a row." "The miners would go on strike; the soldiers would not fight; the guard at Knockaloe would not keep watch over the Germans, and the Germans could get out. Let them!" You know as well as I do the very large number of German prisoners whom you are anxious to let loose; possessing that knowledge, your wish for their freedom is shockingly like light-headed idiocy. And you proceeded:—"Let the miners go on strike, let the soldiers go back to where they came from. Let them strike. Better for them to lose the war and die with their backs to the wall with German knives than by the demon of drink." Who gave you authority to "let" these appalling things happen? Why should you be pleased to doom all of us to death at the hands of freed prisoners, just because the drink question has touched your brain? When you say these fearful, frenzied things, I am thinking that the Defence of the Realm Act might be usefully invoked. Your complaint certainly needs restraint.

JOHN BULL.

PULLING THE CRACKER.



JOHN BULL: "Now, let's both 'pull together,' George, and he'll crack up!"

THE MAN WHO DID IT.

A WORTHY RECORD OF STRENUOUS EFFORT FOR THE STATE.

By Charles Palmer.

[This article was not submitted to the Editor, who has been confined to his room by illness.]

HOW many hundreds of thousands—nay, millions—of people, as they opened their morning papers during the recent days of the Ministerial Crisis, looked for the name of one man amid all those which figured in the list of appointments? With what a roar of popular approval would that name have been greeted! For it is recognised from one end of the Kingdom to the other, that in all the weary months which had to be endured before the change came, this man, by speech and pen, by eloquent exhortation and pungent writing, pointed the road of progress and proclaimed the way to victory. That legend I recall: "If you see it in John Bull it *is* so," was a guarantee of good faith and accuracy. But surely its companion motto might well be: "If you see it in John Bull it *will* be so." For, writing with a long experience as a journalist (my "Fleet Street" years number now more than thirty), I can say without any reservation that the record of John Bull and its Editor as a maker of public opinion, a prophet running as it were before the law, proclaiming the need for reform and dramatic changes in the national needs, is a proud and a remarkable one.

Jealousy that Denies Credit.

Let me say this—that the jealousy of pretty women is as nothing to the jealousy of journalists. You might expect the average newspaper man to cut off his pen-finger before he would write a word in praise of a colleague, particularly if that colleague has startled the dullards by originality and has frightened the publishers by phenomenal circulation. Take what is undoubtedly Mr. Horatio Bottomley's most signal triumph—Business Government—then trace the genesis of the idea and note the claimants for the credit of it. If you care to look over the files of John Bull, as I have done, you will not need to be told where that great practical idea (along with many others) which finds its first and most significant fulfilment in the War Government, had its origin. But I am sure the author, if challenged on the subject, would be found in lofty indifference about claims and credit. Sufficient for him that for ten years he preached the gospel of a Business Government; that for the greater part of that time he was as a voice crying in the wilderness, and that to-day his ideal Executive is in process of realisation. Men at last are being appointed to posts, in these days of our national trial, because they can bring to bear on them just the right training and the ripe experience those positions demand.

Appropriating Without Acknowledgment.

To me it is something of an expiation as well as a pleasure to avail myself of the opportunity of proclaiming "the man who did it," and of extolling the journal which, above all others, "gets things done." For I well recall when a certain newspaper sought to regain its strength, if not to renew its youth, by a Buisness Government policy, the last thing anyone dreamed of was to give the smallest modicum of credit to the man who had gone up and down the country proclaiming the folly of filling great public offices with sons of their fathers, men with "claims"—Party politicians who had never done a day's work or earned the money of industry. It reads queerly to-day does that speech of ex-Home Secretary Samuel:—"Many believed that a Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to have been a distinguished and successful banker before taking up that position, that the Foreign Secretary ought to be a diplomatist, that a man such as Lord Kitchener ought to occupy the position of War Secretary, and a distinguished Admiral the First Lord of the Admiralty, and so on. A Government so constituted would be the worst Government that this country could suffer from." But to-day the laugh is with the man who, knowing he was right, realising that in the long run the common sense of the common people would prevail, stuck to his scheme with all the tenacity of one who gets things done, and to-day the laugh is with him. Big men do not look for credit or reward. But it is well that they should get it, and it must be a matter for supreme satisfaction to the one and only author of the Business Government to know that the seed sown by him with such quiet persistency, whenever the opportunity offered, is to-day bearing rich fruit.

Preparing Public Opinion.

In appraising the work of the author of the Business Government it is important, if we would estimate at its full value his service to the country, to realise how his education of public opinion on this and other vital matters of the National government has smoothed the path of the new Cabinet, by creating a demand which the Prime Minister has had the courage to supply. By his earnestness and his eloquence, Mr. Bottomley formed an expectant public opinion, and when the first results were achieved, and the Business men were nominated to carry out the practical work they were fitted by training and experience to perform, the national voice proclaimed what national opinion had longed for. If ever there was a vitaliser for peace times as for war, the author of Business Government was that man. And think what blunders would have been avoided in the conduct of the war, what great and effective steps would have been taken with all the boldness of confidence born of knowledge, if the old and stupid Party claims had been scrapped in August, 1914, and we had not been compelled to suffer and endure the worst effects of a worn-out system until December, 1916! None would claim for Mr. Bottomley the attributes of a super-man. There are no super-men. But there are men who know the business to which they set their hands, and there are those who suffer and make others suffer through the incompetence born of ignorance. I should describe him as a man of keen imagination, allied to that rarest of gifts—sound commonsense; as one who hates the red-tape of officialdom just as he despises the crippling influence of the conventional mind. He sees the need, he divines the remedy, and casting aside every unpractical obstacle, keeping his eyes straight for the goal, he crashes through to the accomplishment.

Call of the Popular Voice.

It is a common and quite obvious trick of a certain small type of Fleet Street mind to claim credit for big decisions, to attempt to snatch "kudos" for important executive acts by learning when the secret will be revealed, and, twenty-four hours before, advising the very course known to be imminent. Of an entirely different type is the mind which constructs policies, gives the publicity of print to big ideas and, having raised and developed them to fulfilment, is indifferent of praise and contemptuously ready to leave the jackal to struggle for the prize of popular approval. And so it came about that "the man who did it," the great advocate of half the reforms which the new Government is putting into operation, remains outside the executive ring, while by popular voice he is acclaimed for office. And I can see, when the movement for mobilising national service is begun, this man—who, by his eloquence and earnestness, won thousands to the Colours—called to the platform of the country to exhort and encourage and hearten the nation to the final effort for victory.

THE VERY GOOD YOUNG MAN.

WHAT HE PREACHED AND WHAT HE PRACTISED.

Here is one more proof how wise it is to be a "good" man—that is, pious on the surface at least. Arthur Bayliss, aged 37, of Handsworth, is so good that he has been a lay preacher for 20 years in connection with the West Midland Baptist Union; he was for two years Honorary Pastor of a Baptist Church, and Hon. Sec. of the National League of the Blind. He is an inspector in connection with the Board of Trade Employment Exchanges, and a Committeeman of the Birmingham Y.M.C.A. His "whole life has been one of self-sacrifice and devotion to others—including Sundays." That is what his lawyer asserted. However, in the Birmingham Police Court a detective said that he, the officer, placed an envelope, containing four half-crowns for the Y.M.C.A. cricket club, in the letter case at that institution. He saw Bayliss come to the case, open it with a key, take out the letter, lock the case, and go away. Later in the day he asked Bayliss to produce the letter. "Can you prove that I took the letter from the case?" asked that good young man. "Yes," said the detective. "I will make you prove it," said Bayliss, using words unpleasantly familiar, for the phrase is only too common. When this paragon was asked to turn out his pockets, he produced the four half-crowns, saying, "I am very sorry I took it; I don't know whatever made me do it." He pleaded not guilty in court, and his lawyer said, "It was a very grave question indeed whether defendant was really in law a thief." Well, we know that the law is "a ass," so the lawyer may be right, or thereabouts. After the Bench, notwithstanding the wily lawyer's specious plea, had found Bayliss guilty, a detective proved finding at his home a set of razors and a travelling rug that had been missed from the Y.M.C.A., and another rug belonging to the Secretary, missing since July. "As a consequence of thefts from the institution," said the detective, "members of the staff had been suspected." But Bayliss was so big a bug and so good a man that they did not care to take any steps against him "until there was a definite case." Having got it, what did Bayliss receive? Well, the Bench thought he was over-worked and in bad health and, as the prosecution recommended him to mercy, they—bound him over in £10 "to be of good behaviour for 12 months." There is only one moral to be deduced from all that: be "good" and "pious"—to look at—and then you can, apparently, do just as you jolly well like.

GARMENTS OF THE DEAD.

TRADERS WHO WOULD SNATCH A PROFIT FROM THE GRAVE.

Messrs. M. Ray and Co., who appear to be old clothes merchants, with premises at 88, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., seem to watch the obituary columns in the daily press, and, scenting a bargain when reading of some soldier killed in action, they forward their communication to the bereaved father at his home address. It is a circular, printed in lithography to look like a personally written letter, and it commences in these offensive terms of imitation sympathy:—"Dear Sir,—We regret having seen your bereavement and trust that it will be the last for many years." This affectation of condolence is as out of place as it is unwelcome. The money-grubbers get quickly to business, saying—"After your mourning is over we shall be pleased to tender you the best prices for any worn garments of the deceased." As they appear almost to recognise the sacredness of a period of mourning as it affects other people—but not themselves—it is a pity they cannot allow that interim to elapse before pushing forward with their ill-timed intrusion. They offer to call, or to receive "anything" by post or carrier, and they say they will "remit you per return just the same price as if we saw you personally." It is cruel on their part to imagine a father as anxious about obtaining money for the clothes a dear son leaves behind, or as open to haggle with a cheap-jack over a few shillings more or less in the price. Fathers have written in bitter protest that their new grief should be intruded on in this ghoulish fashion, and we request Messrs. M. Ray and Co. to stay their hands, and to cease pestering parents already overburdened with sorrow—a sorrow that should be sacred.

A CHANCE FOR CARSON.

GRAVE ADMIRALTY WASTE, AND HOW TO STOP IT.

One of the earliest things the new First Lord of the Admiralty should busy himself about is to stop the fearful waste of men and material that is going on with regard to construction of new tonnage for the Admiralty. We will give him one example, and when we hear that it is rectified we will tell him of a few more scandals, promising to keep him well employed following up our Business suggestions. For years past, and all through the war, our mercantile oil tank steamers, when not being allowed to lie idle by the Transport Department, have been utilised to carry oil to supply the Fleets, etc. These vessels are naturally built on commercial lines, and have always given their owners at least a fair financial return. The Admiralty, however, decided some time ago to build tankers for themselves—and a large number are now under construction at yards round the coast. These craft are the talk of the trade, being the very limit in waste and extravagance. They were originally built to comply with ordinary trade requirements and to pass Lloyd's. But the Admiralty "Practice gang"—as the little coterie of experimenters are termed—got to work, with the result that they are filled up with what one shipbuilder termed "£60,000 worth of piffle." The vessels are garnished with brass here and copper there in quite unnecessary profusion; the fuel pipes, which feed the furnaces at work at 15 lbs. pressure, have to be tested to 300 lbs., which means ten times the weight of copper actually required; whilst the pipes for oil have to be jointed metal to metal, costing £1,200 extra for each ship. But this is not all; vessels of the same dimensions built to trade requirements, which would do the work as well if not better, could be constructed to carry 1,500 to 2,000 tons more oil, at a cost of little more than one-half, saving at least £100,000, and actually doing better work. These Government tankers, too, are so designed in their engine and boiler rooms that they have to carry 13 engineers, whereas a trading vessel of this description would carry 6 at the outside. The first cost is appalling, but the waste of labour, when men are short—to say nothing of material—is even worse. Now, Sir Edward Carson, start on this scandal, and we will give you all the help we can!

MUGWUMPS AND MEDICOS.

WAR OFFICE'S TREATMENT OF MILITARY HOSPITAL DOCTORS.

More than once we have referred to the War Office's scurvy refusal of recognition of the doctors in charge of military hospitals at home. It ought to be obvious to the uniformed officials who sit there in cushioned ease and lay down their petty little laws and regulations for others, that the doctors in home military hospitals are performing national service infinitely more valuable than their own. Yet these officials, glorified by their uniform and dressed in a little brief authority, will not grant even honorary and temporary commissions in the Royal Army Medical Corps to Army hospital doctors. Take a single case as an instance of many: Up in the North there is a certain military hospital containing five hundred beds, generally full. It is in sole charge of a resident doctor, who relinquished a lucrative practice he had worked up during ten years in order to help the sick and wounded boys. He served abroad with the French army and retired with the rank of Major. All this notwithstanding, he is refused an honorary R.A.M.C. commission during his service in this military hospital. Why? Because the uniformed and commissioned red-tapers of the War Office say they do not grant Army commissions for local services. Isn't it mean; isn't it petty? Did ever geese cackle or asses bray in so pitiful a jargon as these soft-seated rattlepates? What is a local service? What service can be more local, more unessential and dispensable, than theirs? What service can be less local, less dispensable, than that of an Army hospital doctor who night and day is devoting his knowledge to relieve the sufferings of our soldiers and bring them back to life and health? You might clear out the whole uniformed commissioned gang of War Office blockheads and it wouldn't matter a row of pins to anybody. That cannot be said of the doctors they scorn and flout.

1917.

MY PROPHECY FOR THE NEW YEAR—NEARING THE END.

By THE EDITOR.

THE revelations of the blundering and the bungling of the war—culminating in the tragedy of Roumania—during the past twelve months, have sorely tried my optimistic nerve; and I verily believe that but for the recent change of Government I should to-day have been writing about "a long and tedious war" still being in front of us. For, knowing the things I do (and at some of which even the new Prime Minister dared not more than hint in his speech), I am certain that a month ago we were on the verge of terrible disaster; and although the only result would have been the postponement of that ultimate victory which, almost despite of ourselves, we were bound to win, the public mind would have received a very rude shock. But that danger is past—and perhaps the less said about it the better; at any rate, for the present. Nobody knows better than the Kaiser what our change of Government means—and that is the explanation, and the only explanation, of those Peace feelers. Don't run away with the idea that they are "bluff"—their actual wording, with their appeals to "Humanity" and "Human Suffering," may be; but the desire of Germany for an early Peace is deadly earnest—*now that she knows she no longer has any friends in power.* "Spell that out for yourselves," as Mr. Lloyd George said to the House of Commons. You may remember that in September last I told you that this "offer" was coming.

Touch and Go.

I practically foretold its exact terms; and you may take it from me that had the old Ministers all remained in office—and in touch with Lord Haldane and other friends of Germany—the offer would have had a fair chance, subject to various plausible amendments, of being foisted upon the country, backed up by an active Peace campaign, financed by German gold. Such a campaign was being skilfully engineered when there suddenly came the Lloyd George revolt—and then "the fat was in the fire." Hurried conferences were held amongst the cranks who love their brother Hun, and who are mostly the unconscious dupes of German secret diplomacy, and it was decided to take advantage of the political crisis by a Christmastide appeal for peace and goodwill. It was thought that this scheme would, at the least, have the effect of forcing the new Ministry to show its hand by disclosing upon what terms Peace *would* be considered; and great reliance was placed upon a semi-hostile attitude on the part of the Asquith Opposition. Well, it has all gone wrong—as so many other calculations of the enemy have done. I won't stay to speculate as to whether some of us may have had something to do with scotching that little scheme. Suffice it to say, Asquith "played the man," as we appealed to him to do—and by his attitude squelched the plans of the Little Men around him. And so we enter at last, upon a new era in the history of the war—the era of action, untrammelled by the shackles of either Party or economic shibboleth. Naturally chary of taking the whole plunge at once, Mr. Lloyd George is stealthily feeling his way along the road of Business Government. He has a long way to travel yet—but the more he sees of the new ground, the better he will like it. Take one or two recent illustrations. Having placed a practical agriculturist at the head of the Board of Agriculture, and made a practical Provision expert our Food Controller, see how these two men act. Foreseeing that questions must at times inevitably arise between the two departments, they don't wait for the trouble, but at once meet, discuss the possibility, and in four lines settle a memorandum in anticipation of any emergency—leaving the War Council to decide any point which might arise. Now compare this procedure with that of the politicians. Can't you imagine the questions and answers in Parliament? "The Minister for Food is advised that the matter is one for the President of the Board of Agriculture to determine, and correspondence is now in progress between the two Departments concerned." And so on. Take the case of Mr. Neville Chamberlain and the mobilisation of Man Power. He was getting into the train at Euston when he was summoned to Whitehall—and an hour later had agreed to accept a post of which he had never before heard, but for which he possesses undoubted qualifications. Well, that is the Business way. And thus the new Premier starts on his work. We shall soon have another million men in khaki—with ample shot and shell, and rifles and guns for all; and by the Spring—with the aid, no doubt, of Japan—we shall be in a position to equip a new Russian army. Whether the Government will have the pluck to let loose a million blacks upon the Turks, I don't know; I can only hope it will. But be that as it may, with Germany ever growing weaker and the strength of the Allies ever increasing—*and with no friends of the foe now in the Government*—we enter upon the year 1917 in the sure and certain hope of victory and peace.

The Ball at Our Feet.

Yes, it is going to be for all of us a happier New Year than any we have experienced since the dogs of war were let loose, three summers ago. For two and a half years we who stay at home have seen our fighting men carrying on the finest tradition of our race under conditions which delayed victory and jeopardised peace. To-day all is different. This is not the time to censure or condemn—time for that when the end has been reached and we are called upon to count the cost and measure the responsibility. I have said that the victory we have won by the change of method—and, in certain important respects, by change of men—is a bigger gain to the Allies than the splendid triumph at Verdun. Let the dead past of mistakes bury its dead. We are for the living realities—as a nation and an Empire we have the ball at our feet. Peace is in sight, and 1917, if we use the precious days and months as we should use them, will ring down the curtain on the

bloodiest drama of human history, and re-establish the rights of Humanity and the claims of Civilisation. Did you notice that of all the Allied speeches and pronouncements on the peace declaration of the German Chancellor, the one anticipated with the keenest concern in the land of the enemy, and discussed throughout the world with the deepest interest, was the speech of the new Prime Minister? The trap was carefully laid, the noose was artfully adjusted, to catch Mr. Lloyd George on the very threshold of his career as the head of a real War Government calling the nation to its duty, organising it at last in every detail as a nation at war. His answer has gone across the seven seas. What is his reply to proposals couched in the arrogant language of bombastic challenge? It is plain, blunt, British, and unmistakable. We shall continue the struggle, on terms daily and hourly growing ever stronger in our favour, until we are in a position to demand of the enemy "complete restitution, full reparation, effectual guarantees." Some of us believe, and it is evident my friend the new Prime Minister has no doubt on the subject, that we might to-day have reached the moment when Germany would have asked for peace, not in the simulated disguise of victor, but in the garment of the vanquished. Time, we have been told—and it is true—was on our side. But time to do the right thing and the strong thing at the right moment. "No one," said the Prime Minister, in a significant phrase, "no one can say that we have made the best of that time. There has been a tardiness of decision and action."

Pointing to Victory.

It was said of Necker that he was like a clock that was always too slow. Well, we have suffered from that too, but we have got rid of the clock that ticked without the hands moving. We are now winding up the great timepiece of Fate, and before the year on which we are entering has run its course the hands will point to Victory. It was Germany's game to stop the clock. She knows—and I hope the new spirit of candour in high places will mean that the country will be told the whole truth—that she holds territory to-day on which her grip will slacken and slacken for want of men, for want of money, for want of munitions, and for want of food. Food is the governing factor. Napoleon told us that an army marches on its stomach. It is equally true that a nation's spirit to maintain a great military struggle is dependent upon the meals of its people. Germany to-day is hungry. She should and would have been starving if the British Navy had been allowed to use its might to the full throughout all these weary and costly months of war. But the label of "Contraband" was withheld from materials for munitions, which were allowed to go into the land of the enemy. Well, there is an end to all that; the blockade, I hope, is now being imposed with rigour. And if the Neutral suffers—well, who cares? He is to reap all the manifold benefits of the Allied victory without making the smallest contribution to the struggle. While we bleed and suffer and spend our substance, he grows fat and rich by war trade and commerce. He has no right to consideration. To-day we do not intend to tolerate *any* kind of Neutral intervention. From now onwards the Dutch, and the Scandanavian, and the American will find a new spirit in the nation—the spirit which intends to meet German threats and frightfulness with the strangle-hold of Death. It is amusing—isn't it?—to see how the Hun is true to his methods of carrying the olive branch in one hand and a bludgeon in the other. He tried the game in little Belgium, and when he found that she refused his outrageous proposals, he answered with rapine and murder. But Belgium, for all her bravery, is not Great Britain—is not the British Empire. The threats with which Bethmann Hollweg accompanied his peace proposals have been received with Homeric laughter wherever the British language is spoken without a gutteral accent. We have got the measure of the "swashbuckler through the streets of Europe." And, what is more, we know of the rioting and death in the streets of Hamburg, of Emden, of Stuttgart. Information has reached us from an unimpeachable source—from one who was recently in Germany and who has seen the change in the condition there since the Prussian military first threw down the challenge to the world. Germany is in a bad, a grievous, state. Her ports are silent, weeds grow on the quays where once was displayed the merchandise of the world; her people are starving. Sullen discontent is giving way to open hostility, and the once servile are in angry revolt. In Hamburg rioting is frequent, almost incessant; there is constant firing on the mob; the bullet is the answer to the demand for bread. The Chancellor in the Reichstag may prate of victory and, robing himself in the garments of Christianity, call for peace in the name of the Master whose Calvary is the symbol of the blood and suffering of the victims of the Hun. But the appeal is a false appeal—the cry is the cry of a beaten Emperor who sees revolution stalking behind the bony figure of Hunger. But—I beg you, my readers—don't, on the other hand, be alarmed and dismayed when you are told the truth; when, for instance you are told by a man who knows what he is talking about and is allowed to tell the truth, that Great Britain is "a beleaguered city." Contrast this with the assurance of the late Government that the submarine menace was "well in hand." He was told to excuse inaction in guaranteeing the food of the people and taking strong measures with landowners. There was someone who, two years ago, warned the Government to commandeer the land, to till the pastures, to prepare to feed ourselves. Never mind who it was, he wrote week after week, and the mandarins stuffed wool—or was it red tape?—in their ears. Late—terribly late—that advice is now being acted upon.

The Promise of 1917.

A Happy New Year! I wish it in all warmth and sincerity to every reader of JOHN BULL, and I wish it in the heartfelt assurance that it *will* be a happy and a beneficent 1917. God knows we have, all of us, turned down the page on 1916 with many a sigh for lost opportunities, many an angry regret at the blunders that have cost us as a nation so dear, many a yearning for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still. But that is our cross—and we must bear it with fortitude. The worst is over. The enemy is beaten—he must now be broken. To that end the nation will respond as one man. The depression which, in the last months of the old year, clouded even the vision of the optimists, has passed. Victory is in the air. We have now to deal with a bully with an empty stomach—and we shall be much obliged to President Wilson if he will kindly keep out of the ring whilst we administer the knock-out blow.

"That's the stuff

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As our soldiers and sailors say, 'Wrigley's' is the "goods." It is warm'y recommended by doctors and dentists because of its value in promoting good digestion and ensuring sound white teeth. These are all facts which anyone can test—any time—by simply trying Wrigley's for themselves.

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EVERY SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

ALL TOGETHER, AND THE REALISATION OF ALL OUR HOPES WILL SOON BE IN SIGHT!

By A. G. Hales.

There is not a man under the arch of heaven who longs for peace more ardently than I; but not a peace made in Germany. General French voiced the real spirit of the British nation when, a few days ago, he described the German peace offer as a piece of "unbounded insolence." There is not a soldier or a sailor who does not echo that sentiment. They may not be beaten yet—personally I do not think they are—but, if this nation sits tight and puts forth all its colossal strength, the day will come when German power will snap like a withered bough. But we must have unity; we cannot allow a traitor section to undermine our strength and spread discord. If such a "peace" propaganda as that of which we are the victims were to commence in Germany, the instigators would be up against the wall within a month. We must not be squeamish on such matters. We are fighting for our lives now, and the enemy within the gate must be treated as an enemy. We have tolerated treachery too long; this sinister influence which, in the early days of the Homeric struggle, let cotton into Germany—cotton, the bedrock of the ammunition that was then, and is now, making the ammunition that was and is killing and maiming our fighters! It was the factor behind the slack blockade which enabled our arch enemy to get feed. It was, and is, the mainspring which made it possible for Tino of Greece to paralyse our actions in the Balkans. The same people are behind this foul movement who were behind every movement that paralysed our energies in the past—sweep them away!

Take a Pull at Your Belts.

Britishers, you have got to close up your ranks; don't make a mistake about that. It's the only way to win the war. Every acre in all Britain has got to go under cultivation; there must be no more idle land kept for pleasure—this submarine menace is real: we have been pointing out that grim fact to you and your leaders for two years past. It is a grim danger now, and yet, if you put every rood of ground in Great Britain under cultivation, more than three-quarters of the danger would disappear and the strongest weapon in the enemy's hands would be broken at the hilt. To do this, we have got to organise the women. Long ago we told you to organise them by the million—duchess and dairymaid, all have got to come in and *all* have got to work. Fancy knitting and the making of shirts for soldiers won't fill the bill; the women have got to do the work of men whilst the men fight—that is the plain English of it. It's that or a German peace—and a peace made when we have the enemy gasping and victory crushing and complete is within our reach. The women have got to come out, or be brought out, of the easy havens in which they have been sheltered by the chivalry of men for centuries. They have got to do their bit—not in odd thousands, as in the past, but in millions. Every single girl must be "called up," as her brothers have been called up to fight. She must go into barracks and be trained to work as the lads were trained to fight, and there must be no talk of "class" or "rank." In these days a woman is just a woman, nothing more; we can go back to the "angel" business after the war. To-day the lass is just the prospective mother of a race that's going to have freedom or slavery. Her time for mothering is not yet—at present she has got to work, and work hard, and be disciplined. She won't like it—she hasn't got to like it—but she has got to do it, and do it now. There are very few things a man can do that a woman can't do. I have seen the Japanese women coaling ships—they hold the world's record. A British woman is as good and better than a Jap woman. Long before the war I saw German women burning charcoal and ploughing the fields and harvesting—our British women are better than the German women. I lived with the Basutos—the women did all the hard work, while the men trained for war. Are our women less than the women of Africa? I trow not. I spent a season with the Scottish women in the herring fishing, and they ran rings around the men for hardihood and capacity for work; they were great. Liza of Lambeth and My Lady of Mayfair, you have both got to tackle the work in grim earnest; the day for playing at the game is past. You've got to leave home and be disciplined!

Every Citizen to Serve the State.

Every man between fifty-five and seventeen has *got to be called into line*—I'm within that limit. Every man has got to go where he's sent, and do what he's told—prince or pauper. My friends, it's that or a German peace. Just look that cold fact in the face—a German peace means you are all going to be treated like dogs for the rest of your lives. The whole nation of Britain has got to fall into step and show an organised front to the enemy. Our leader at present is Lloyd George; we have got to trust him and obey him, for we shall need millions more in the field. Remember, Germany is placing fourteen million men on the active service list; we can beat that, and we will do it. Man-power, and only man-power, can win this war; and you have got to provide the men!

THE CASES OF THE CASES.

AN EXPERT OPINION AND AN OFFICIAL EXPLANATION.

Since we drew attention to the selling of boxes or cases for firewood by the Army authorities, we have obtained further information that adds to the interest. Regarding the 6d. packing cases, a reader estimates the value of the wood alone as about 2s., on present prices in the timber trade. He tells us that, were he asked to quote terms to make and supply such things, the approximate figures would be:—For the case sold at 3d.—3s.; for the cases sold at 6d.—4s. 4d. The matter of the ammunition boxes sold at £5s. per ton points to an even grosser scandal. The official reply is, that not only are they glad to sell at that figure, but they are full up with many tons more which they are dying to dispose of on similar terms. They say:—"There is a large accumulation of such boxes at the various filling factories and munition stores throughout the country, which it is very desirable to get rid of as early as possible on account of the serious fire risk . . . The boxes cannot be used again"—this is important!—"as they are not suitable for conveying munitions to the Front. . . . While owing to their weight they are almost worthless for ordinary commercial purposes." Who is responsible for the wholesale manufacture of munition cases useless for the purpose of conveying ammunition to the Front?

THIEVES IN THE R.A.M.C.

SCOUNDRELS WHO DISGRACE A NOBLE CORPS.

We are of opinion that it is unjust to condemn the many for the sake of a few, and we still stigmatise as cruel the branding of the R.A.M.C. with the nickname of "Rob All My Comrades." But the Corps must cleanse its ranks of certain thieves, if the War Office has not already done so. At the Casualty Clearing Stations behind the firing line in France there are hundreds of strong, hulking fellows who have never faced shell-fire, much less cold steel—and among them are the thieves; whether few or many we cannot say—but there they are. The most recent proof in our hands is the following: An Australian soldier, after three weeks in the line, was sent back to hospital. Leaving the Field Dressing Station at 1 p.m., he arrived at the Casualty Clearing Station at 2 a.m., feeling frozen nearly stiff with cold. So he was exceedingly glad to be greetd with instructions from the Corporal to put his pack down and "get a warm." Afterwards he had orders to proceed to another tent, for particulars to be taken, and, when he went to resume his pack, it had already been ransacked by cowardly robbers. Things were taken—mementoes from wife and children—which he would not have lost for untold gold. It is distressing to know that such scoundrels bring digrace on a fine Corps.

PURITANS RAMPANT.

STOPPING SUNDAY SHOPPING AT MANCHESTER.

Stiggins, we doubt not, imagines that the strangling grip he is getting upon our liberties he will be able to maintain even when war is over. At Manchester, the Chief Constable—at the instigation of the large shopkeepers, who are not content with the damage which recent war regulations have inflicted upon their small, struggling competitors—lately announced that in the near future, unless they mend their ways, many of the shopkeepers may expect to be visited with the pains and penalties of the Lord's Day Observance Act of 1677. Indeed, a good many small tradesmen, tobacconists, sweet merchants, and others, have already been warned by the police that, failing instant compliance with this obsolete law, they will be haled to the City Police Court, there to be dealt with without mercy or compunction! These peremptory threats have spread something like consternation among the traders affected, many of whom, especially in Jewish quarters, are largely dependent upon their Sunday takings. Sir Daniel McCabe, the Deputy Mayor, has, however, clearly shown that in this instance the Watch Committee is not responsible—the police who called to warn the shopkeepers not to open on Sunday being instructed to do so by the Chief Constable. The small shopkeepers rebelled, and are to be congratulated upon the result of the rally—which was an undignified climb-down by the person responsible, thanks to the attitude of the majority of the City Council. "A Legal Correspondent" of the *Manchester Guardian* is, however, at sea in his suggestion that this musty old Act of Charles II. is seldom put in force. As a matter of fact, there has lately been a perfect epidemic of Sunday trading prosecutions, indicting the clear necessity, as Mr. Justice Darling has pointed out, for the repeal of a statute which has long ago lost any degree of public sanction.

A MERRY PROTEST.

THE TRUE VOICE OF IRELAND.

From the "boys" at the Finner (Ireland) Military Camp we have received a copy of an amusing skit at the expense of the young Irishmen—a negligible minority of the whole male population—who have fled to America rather than face the risk of compulsory military service. This entertaining document has been printed in the exact style of a Royal Proclamation, and we trust no infringement of the Defence of the Realm Act is involved in its reproduction.

PROCLAMATION.

A large contract for petticoats has been given to a local Merchant for the use of the men of Ireland who are running away from home, country and friends, in dread of their lives from the German invasion. The people of America have now a rare opportunity of employing *male housemaids*, who are fit for any work but a man's work.

Ireland's true men are preparing to fight for their Country. *Ireland's cowards* are preparing to be the pot-wallopers of the Yank. Each of the runaways will be presented with a white feather on arrival in the States, and will also be provided with penny pop-guns to amuse themselves in the cellars of New York when the plates are all washed, the beds all made, and the kitchen floors all swept for the night. They will become crack shots firing at the heart of their Country. A collection will be made to give them all a proper send-off and supply them with enough peppermint lozenges to last them for the voyage across. Feeding bottles of a special large size and oranges will be supplied to all under 35 years to suck. The real women of Ireland are brave; *the new women* who have cast aside the trousers for ever and have donned the petticoats are leaving Ireland for Ireland's good. *We want no mongrels here.* Does America want them? Yes; they will be able to scour the plates and bedroom utensils for their American masters and mistresses.

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

Against all forms of cowardice and "crankydom" ridicule is a powerful engine of correction.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

Neglect of food precautions in
The past so criminal has been,
That Santa Claus this Christmastide
Has more or less been kept outside.

Lloyd George, in manner good to see,
Gets hold of his club "Energy";
Let's hope he'll wield it with a will
And all our rising hopes fulfil.

While Bethmann Hollweg prates of "peace"
The thunders of the guns increase,
And with their bursting shells disperse
The gimcrack hopes the Germans nurse.

The Irish have a name for wit;
Sure, therefore, they'll enjoy this skit:
Their friendly sympathy is grand,
But—damn it, let them *lend a hand!*

Nivelle and Joffre, sentinels,
Whose guard the Kaiser's doom foretells,
Exchange the password, "En avant!"
Which meaneth "Now we *shan't* be long!"

The Catholics, their leaders say,
Already have a meatless day:
If Thursday be made meatless too,
What are the jovial monks to do?

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Good Pianist
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No more weary grinding at "Scales" and "Exercises."

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A BUNKUM BUNDLE.

CONCERNING CERTAIN FREE CURTAINS.

An old dodge is being practised by Smith's Drapery Warehouse, 80, Sunbridge Road, Bradford. They advertise "40 Articles for 2s. 6d.," and "Curtains Free." They promise a "magnificent parcel, containing a Choice Selection of Drapery, including Towels, Fancy Covers, Silk Ties, Collars, etc.," together with a "pair of Lovely Lace Curtains." A hopeful, credulous reader, looking for a bargain, who sends the 2s. 6d. demanded, together with 6d. for the carriage of what looks like a big bale in the pictured advertisement, is doomed to disappointment. These are the kind of things that come to him or her—not in a bale, but in a small parcel, the postage of which costs 4d.:—Pair curtains, 30 ins. wide, 2½ yds. long—which would not stand washing; two very small towels, useful as dusters; 24 hair-pins; one servant's collar; three toilet mats; 1 child's collar, and 1 dozen cloth-covered buttons, value 2d. That is how a lady purchaser describes her "bargain" bundle. A purchaser buying "40 articles" as promised, does not contemplate every hairpin and button counting as a separate item of the 40. The whole scheme, of course, is concocted to catch unwary and innocent people who seek to get something for nothing.

THEIR OWN PETARD.

TRADE JOURNAL DISCOVERS MARE'S NEST.

The last issue of the *Shoe and Leather Record* contained a letter from a Mr. G. M. Nichol, of Phillips' Patents, Ltd.—whatever that may be—quoting an extract from this journal, in which we pointed out that the army was discarding its old boots long before they were worn out. Both Mr. Nichol and the *Shoe and Leather Record* make sneering reference to "the average pressman"—asserting that whenever he "touches any question relating to boots or leather, he is almost bound to flounder in a morass of mistakes due to sheer ignorance." As Mr. Nichol and the Editor of the paper which publishes his letter apparently are entirely ignorant of even the business in which they, presumably, claim to be specialists, we may inform them that they can obtain this year's make of Colonial or chrome Army boots, which cost the Government 22s. 10d. a pair—never having been mended at all—for 6s. 6d., "as good as new," from Mr. A. R. Dicks, of the City Leather Store, 171, Barton Street, Gloucester. That gentleman was naturally surprised to see the paragraph in the *Shoe and Leather Record*, and sent it to us, with the information that he can get as many as he can pay for, "all sound uppers, not a stitch undone, or a crack." The trade journal states that it will be "greatly surprised" if any correction or apology is offered by us to our readers for the publication of the original paragraph. What does it say to apologising to *us*?

STOPPING THE PRINCE'S FUND.

MEAN ACTION OF A SALOP COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Davies, of Market Drayton, is 77 and an Old Age Pensioner. Before her son, a married man with children, joined up, he allowed her 2s. a week. On entering the Army his wife and kiddies needed all the money they were allowed. In these circumstances the son placed the matter before the Rev. Mr. Pelham, Vicar of Little Drayton, who appears to have used his influence to obtain for the old lady from the Prince of Wales' Fund 2s. a week, in place of the allowance the son could no longer spare. Recently Mrs. Davies applied for an addition to her Old Age Pension, and according to a letter she has written to another son, she is in the way of getting "the extra half-crown." Having apparently got wind of this probability, the local Committee of the Prince of Wales' Fund have taken time by the forelock and stopped their 2s. a week allowance. What therefore the Government gives with one hand, the P.O.W. Fund takes away with the other. "They have taken that two shillings off me that Tom went and got from Mr. Pelham at the Vicarage," writes the mother "but you see he is not at the Vicarage now; he has been nearly twelve months in France, so they think they can do as they like." Assuming she means what she appears to mean, it is evident that, while the rev. gentleman is doing his best in France, the local Committee are doing their worst in Market Drayton.

AN EXPENSIVE RECRUIT.

SECOND THOUGHTS NOT THE BEST.

An example of extravagance in soldier-making, combined with hardship to a business man with a large family, comes from Walworth. It is not a case of a one-man business; it is one-man two businesses—for the appellant, who is 35, runs two little shops for himself, having no employees. But he has a wife and eight children, the eldest being only eleven years old. The Local Tribunal at Lambeth refused his application for exemption, and would allow him no time at all. So he attended before the Asylums Board Tribunal and they, with all the speaking facts in front of them, granted him exemption for two months, with leave to appeal again. On that occasion the Chairman remarked that the appellant was "too expensive for the country," and the Military Representative added, "They could get a Colonel for the money." Yet, on the expiry of his two months, when the appellant appeared again before the very same Tribunal, he was given only to the end of this year. He cannot appeal again, and must join up—although "too expensive." Actually he will cost the country 36s. 6d. weekly, by way of allowance for his wife and family, who will presumably have to live on 10s. a week, because the man's rent alone amounts to 26s. 6d. A further grant will, also, probably have to be made under the Civil Liabilities scheme!

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

Still abed, and very much a cripple, as the result of my recent accident! However, I gather that Sergeant Billy Wells proved that Sergeant Dan Voyles—who fought for Lord Lonsdale's Heavyweight Belt on the occasion of "Peggy" Bettinson's benefit—was no match for him; further, that Wells demonstrated in a way seldom seen before that he can do his work like a champion. A rare soldier, Voyles—one who has won much distinction at the Front—but by the side of Wells a poor boxer. He was from the start like a man groping his way in the dark. A terrific straight left in the first few seconds had Voyles hopelessly beaten, and, as near as possible, we had a repetition of the Wells-Carpentier fiasco all over again—a contest decided with practically one punch. What will be interesting my readers most is the future of Wells. Will this fine, imposing man—who for a heavyweight has quite remarkable speed, and who, as a highly-finished boxer, has no superior—atone for the little tragedies he has enacted in the past? It would, I think, be idle to speculate as to whether he will finish up champion of the world; personally—although, save Carpentier, we have no great big white men comparable to the giants of other days—I will make it my business as soon as we have straightened this war out to bring Wells and Carpentier together in London.

My fears that the Zulu Kid would make no more than a hard fight against Jimmy Wilde were justified by what happened at the Holborn Stadium. There is some sort of impression, I gather, that Wilde at one period had anxious moments, but my "deputy" assures me that there never was the least doubt as to the result. What really happened was that Wilde discovered at once that his opponent was just a game little fellow, and that's about all. "I honestly believe"—says the ex-amateur champion, now a well-known man of business, who held a brief for me—"that Wilde, had he been out for blood, could have knocked the Kid out in a couple of rounds, if not in the first. Not because the Kid was a dud—he is not that at all—but he simply was not in the same class as Wilde by many miles. We have plenty of better boys than America's best 8-stoner! He has had an experience of Wilde, the most amazing and coolest and cleverest little man we have ever had, and he knows all about it. When he returns to America he could, if he were disposed, tell a thrilling story of the uncanny streak of lightning from Tylorstown. If Jimmy Wilde goes on as he is going, the difficulty in finding opponents for him will be tremendous." So there you have the opinion of one who, were I to disclose his name, would be at once accepted as a great judge of boxers and boxing.

You all remember Jerry Driscoll—in his day one of the very best who ever put on a glove. For many years he was at St. Paul's School, and turned out champions galore. He recalls a famous occasion at Aldershot, in 1894, when the Kaiser saw him fight one Horan. Driscoll, in all his contests, was the best natured of fellows, and the harder he was hit the most expansive was his smile. Says Driscoll in his dry, humorous manner, "You remember that Horan was pounding me for all he was worth, and I was laughing as usual. When it was over the head Hun (the Kaiser) sent for me and asked me why I laughed so when Horan hit me so hard. Says I, 'Because I like it, sir.' He couldn't understand it. He cannot understand anything. He doesn't know what British pluck is. But he soon will. Wait till the boys of the Grand Fleet get going, and he will see them smile the same as I did when, over twenty years ago he was amazed to see two chaps fight like the Devil, just for the love and glory of fighting."

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IRON 'JELLOIDS.'

DRUGS may spur on the jaded nerves and give a temporary feeling of vigour, but their effects speedily evaporate, leaving the sufferer worse than before.

To be lasting in effect a tonic must enrich and strengthen the blood, thus getting right down to the root of the trouble and livening and toning up all the organs of the body.

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Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron 'Jelloids' to-day.

Reliable Tonic for Men ..... *IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A*
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Of all Chemists, a Fortnight's Treatment, 1s. 3d. Large size, 3s.

Iron Jelloids No 2A
(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds)

REMOVE STAINS FROM FINE LINEN THIS WAY.

MANY a girl has "cried her eyes out" over what she calls the "Ruin" of a dainty bit of lingerie or a charming blouse, by the iron-mould stain contracted, in some mysterious way in the laundry, or during the simple process of home washing. All such tears are now wasted. A few drops of Neovol, squeezed from a sixpenny or shilling tube (purchasable from any chemist), remove all the trouble in next to no time. A smear of Neovol and iron-mould, fruit stain, wine or tea stain vanishes entirely, and the fabric is left uninjured. Neovol contains no salts of lemon nor other injurious or poisonous compound. It is perfectly harmless to the skin, and may with the greatest advantage be added in very small quantity to the water in which "hankies" or collars are being rinsed. A thimbleful is sufficient for this purpose.

Any Store or Chemist will supply it, or you can get a shilling tube direct for 1s. 2d. *post free from*

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., BOLTON.

SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

Mason's Ginger Wine Essence

which makes (with the addition of white sugar)

One Gallon Ginger Wine.

All who apply before December 31st will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children. We suggest you include a bottle in your next parcel to the Front

SAMPLE OFFER.

A trial box of **Chocoloids** containing 24 tablets sent post free for 1/3 from the makers:

The CHOCOLOID Co., Dept. J. Stirchley Laboratories, Birmingham.

NOTE.—*The price of this sample box was incorrectly printed in the "Chocoloids" advt. in* JOHN BULL *December 16th issue*

How I Darkened My Grey Hair.

Lady gives Simple Home Recipe that She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of bay rum. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the grey hair but removes dandruff and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.—[ADVT.]

PEACE IN THE TRENCHES.

Our Soldiers' Best Friend in the Trenches is

Somerville's Asiatic Body Cord.

Exterminates all body vermin and prevents them lodging on the person or underclothing for a long time. 1s. each; post, inland or to the front, 2d. Ask for and be sure you get Somerville's, from Chemists, or

G. SOMERVILLE, Chemist, 2, South Clerk Street, EDINBURGH

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

Good mornin', sir. . . . You'll excuse me, I 'ope, sir, but yore face seems familiar. It's yore 'eavy merstarch wot strikes me, sir. In these days w'en little tufts of 'air are wore on the *hupper* lip it's somethink to see a proper merstarch wot can be got 'old of . . . I've got it, sir! You're Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the newly appointed Director-General of National Service, an' I've seen yore picshers in the papers. Proud to meet you, sir. I never cut or shaved your illustrious father, but I 'ave an idea I once shampoo'd yore brother Austen. But that don't matter. The important question is—Are you the richt man for the job? My arnswer to that is, if you ain't, you oughter be. For w'y? You've bin trained in one o' the best bizness schools; you've show'd yoreself a clever organiser, an' 'ave the fine traditions of yore great father to give you prestige. I take it, sir, that the idea is that ev'ry man shou'd be compelled to do some work of national importance, either in the Army or out of it, to 'elp to win the wore. Your difficulty will be to decide sometimes wot *is* or is *not* work of national importance. Take me, fer instance. Do you reckon I'm doin' my bit towards winnin' the wore? I've bin medically rejected fur the Army, so thet's outer the queschun. But if I'm to take up munitions, it'll mean me shuttin' up this saloon. . . . *You don't think it'd be much loss to the general community?* Now, it's unkind, sir, to say that. P'raps you don't know, sir, thet I shave an' trim more members of the Guv'ment and 'Ouse o' Commons then enny barber in London? . . . Well, I *do*, sir, and ain't thet a work of national importance? If it wasn't fur me, some of them would start shavin' theirselves, give theirselves gashes, an' begin the day with bad tempers an' jumpy nerves. Now, they couldn't be trusted to do efficient work in a state o' mind like thet, an' we might lose the wore in consequence. No, sir, you mustn't think o' takin' me outer my bizness. Thet's w'y I'm pertickler glad to 'ave 'ad the opportunity of 'avin' a word with you, sir. You'll know exactly 'ow to ack w'en my name comes before you. You'll say to yerself, "W'y, this is the barber wot shaved me at Westminster, an' give me a deal of good advice. *'E can carry on.*" Thet'll be it, won't it, sir? Thank you, sir. Thet's a great weight orf my mind. Spray or powder, sir? . . . Very good, sir. *Thet's* it, sir. . . Wore prices now, sir—sixpence, if you please. . . . Thank you: goo' day, sir! Much erbliged.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Enter FATHER TIME: "1916" *in a state of Collapse.*

FATHER TIME:

Come on! Come on! I've had enough of you!
Thank goodness, your demise is almost due!
I little thought, twelve months ago to-day,
That you'd disgrace your father in this way!
In times of trouble you were born, I know,
But why have you increased the general woe?
Your brother, Nineteen-hundred-and fifteen,
Got drunk with blood: you've proved no less obscene.

"1916" (*in senile tones*):

My brother, Nineteen-Fifteen, you may curse,
But, Father, is it fair to say I'm worse
Than he, throughout the twelve months of whose life
No hint of peace illumed the gloom of strife?
Whereas, in the December of *my* year
Peace has been mooted, and might *yet* appear.

FATHER TIME:

Vile hypocrite! Will you, with your last breath
Still play the pander to my rival, Death?
The peace you mention were the peace of Hell,
Designed to give Hell's spawn a breathing spell
To plot more loathsome crimes, and strength regain
To make of earth a shambles once again!
Cease, and expire! forever cursed of man,
The vilest year of all since Time began!
["1916" *fades to an evil leer, which remains for a while, like the grin of the Cheshire Cat. Instantly appears* "1917," *radiant with promise.*]

FATHER TIME:

Hail, latest born! your predecessor's death
(Who but this instant drew his final breath)
Affords you birth, and opportunity
To prove yourself a better year than he:
Perverse from birth, he a pro-German was—
See that you make Humanity *your* cause;
Bring peace on earth, but also let there be
Just punishment for German devilry!
Make yourself one amongst the wond'rous years
By helping the old Earth to dry its tears!

Start the New Year with a JOHN BULL PEN — *January 1st, 1917*

For Particulars see Coupon

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and 2d. stamps for postage.

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"Drugs cannot cure Disease. Disease can be cured only by natural curative processes, replacing the lost substance, which is the vital essence energising the Life Cells."—*Dr. Muller.*

Dr. Muller has written a book which should be in the hands of every sufferer from disease. It clearly explains how the replenishing of the one essential element on which the life cells depend will cause ill-health to surely vanish.

Troubles of the Nervous or Circulatory System mean that you have been withholding the one essential element on which the Nerve Cells depend for sustenance, and on which the Blood Corpuscles flourish. Supply this all-important substance, and your ill-health will vanish.

IN THIS LIGHTNING AGE most people suffer from some form of Nervous or Blood Disorder. Those who are wise recognise the symptoms at the outset, others neglect Nature's warnings until the ravages are far advanced. The unwise fly to Tonics or Drugs, to find they have been goaded into a semblance of improvement, only too surely to relapse further into the mire of Nervous Prostration or Blood Poverty, once the fleeting effect of Drug or Tonic Stimulation has worn off, as it surely will.

DRUGS AND TONICS ARE WORSE THAN USELESS in such cases. As well try to ROLL UP A HILL as to try and rectify Nerve and Blood Starvation by the futile policy of Drugs, Tonics, or Stimulants.

Seven Days' Trial Supply for 6d.—*Write to-day.*

BEWARE OF KOLA, COCA, AND OTHER STIMULATING DRUGS, THEY CANNOT FEED YOUR EXHAUSTED SYSTEM.

If you are suffering from—

Insomnia,	*Weakened Sight,*	*Lassitude or Weakness,*
Loss of Memory,	*Fear of Insanity,*	*Nervous Prostration,*
Exhaustion,	*Hysteria,*	*Want of Concentration,*
Irritability,	*Brain Fag,*	*Noises in Ears,*
Melancholia,	*Neuritis,*	*Vertigo or Dizziness,*
Neuralgia,	*Paralysis,*	*Morbid Fears,*
Headache,	*Loss of Energy,*	

DR. MULLER'S NUTRIENT WILL PERMANENTLY BUILD UP AND STRENGTHEN THE IMPOVERISHED NERVE CELLS.

If you suffer from—

Numbness of Limbs,	*Sciatica,*	*Impoverished Blood,*
Anæmia,	*Cramps,*	*Weak Kidneys,*
Rheumatism,	*Pallor of Face,*	*Poor Circulation,*
	Sluggish Liver,	

DR. MULLER'S NUTRIENT WILL INCREASE THE IMPORTANT BLOOD CORPUSCLES, ENRICH THE BLOOD AND IMPROVE ITS CIRCULATION.

If you suffer from—

Lack of Vigour,	*Wasting Tissues,*	*Incipient Consumption,*
Thinness,	*Premature Age,*	*Premature Decline,*

DR. MULLER'S NUTRIENT WILL QUICKLY BUILD UP THE BODY TISSUES AND ERADICATE ALL TENDENCIES TO WASTING TISSUE AND ITS RESULTING EVILS.

DR. MULLER'S NUTRIENT is a preparation put up in Tablet form, of pleasant appearance and agreeable taste, and presenting no difficulties whatever in taking. Simply place a tablet in the mouth and eat like a sweet. It is no secret remedy or "Cure All," but is the actual substance of which the Nerve Cells are mainly composed when in perfect health, and which substance is the chief element on which the Blood and Circulatory System depend for the enrichment and healthy multiplication of the all-important white Corpuscles. Let this essential element be supplied in insufficient quantities, and the Nerve Cells become STARVED the Blood becomes IMPOVERISHED. Most diseases originate and slight troubles become serious if this all-important substance is withheld or supplied to your blood and Nervous System in insufficient quantities.

THERE IS NO WASTE. Every tablet of Dr. Muller's Nutrient taken into the system is at once absorbed by the Blood and Nerve Cells. It is exactly what they have been crying for, and just as a house is built brick by brick, just so is the nutritive substance eagerly absorbed, and good effect is piled on good effect until a state of PERFECT AND PERMANENT HEALTH, both of the Circulatory and Nervous Systems, is assured.

NO "AFTER" EFFECTS. Dr. Muller's Nutrient being solely a Blood and Nerve Cell Food, there can be no injurious after effects. Every tablet eaten does its allotted task for the benefit of the body, but the system will not absorb more than it requires, and the serious after effects of Drugs or Stimulating Tonics are therefore impossible

HOW WE PROVE OUR FAITH.

Any member of the Medical Profession, in Active Practice, sending his card, will be supplied, post free, with a large box of Dr Muller's Nutrient, **together with the complete formula.** The very fact of this offer being made proves that Dr. Muller's Nutrient is exactly what it is claimed to be—A True and Easily Assimilable Food for Exhausted Nerves.

It is desired that this wonderful new preparation should be offered at a price which would bring it within the reach of sufferers of all classes, and in order to give every person in need of the remedy an opportunity of testing its marvellous health-bringing powers without the risk of expense, any applicant mentioning this paper will have the privilege of obtaining One Week's Supply of Dr. Muller's Nutrient for the nominal outlay of six penny stamps.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send up your full name and address, with six penny stamps to 550, The Muller Laboratories, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W., and the booklet and package containing a seven days' trial supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W., can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give Expert Advice entirely Free of Charge.

The Muller Nutrient can be obtained from Boots' Branches and from all high-class Chemists in the United Kingdom.

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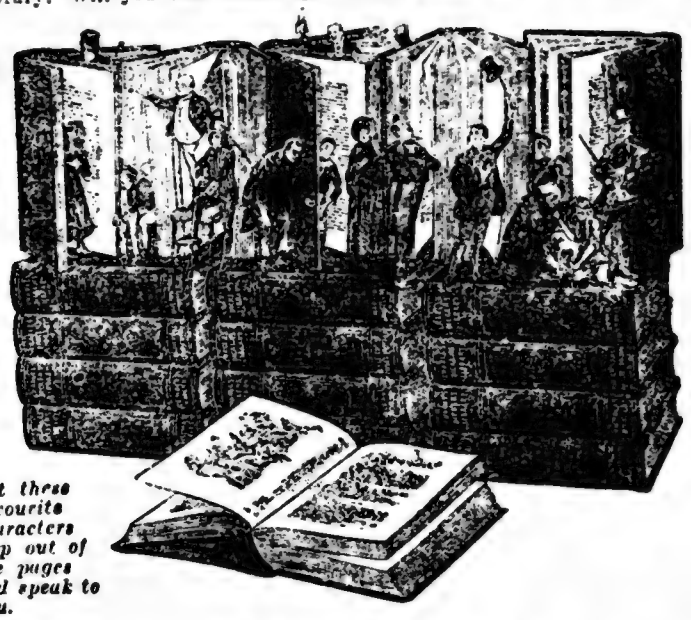

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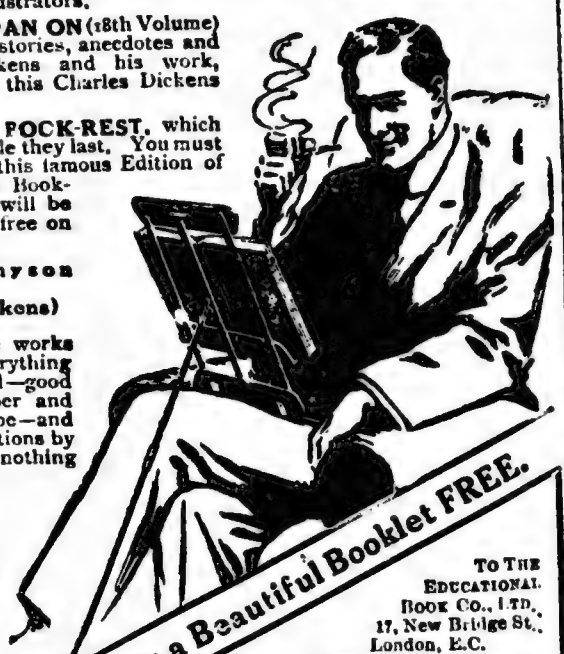

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"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will personally refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:

"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."

Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1911.*

The Camp of Woe.

We must once more return to Catterick Camp. There grievances appear to grow like the proverbial snowball. The living arrangements for many of the men are shocking, the food being smaller in quantity and worse in quality than that served out to the inmates of some of our workhouses. The men appear to be victims of our neglect to plant crops last spring—we understand that a potato can scarcely be secured in the camp for love or money. There were no cases in Catterick Camp of illness due to the men having gorged themselves on Christmas Day.

The Birdman's Grievance.

By the way, this Order has been issued to his men by the C.O. of the Royal Flying Corps at Catterick:—"No Officer, Non-commissioned Officer, or man is allowed to keep or ride in any private motor-car or motor cycle, whether in the aerodrome or outside." The Commanding Officer has, of course, power to do what he likes inside the aerodrome, but we question his right to put a ban on the man who chooses to keep his own motor-bicycle outside.

The Poor Old Soldier.

We must confess that the financial ways of the Army beat us. One of the latest wheezes brought to our notice is the refusal of the Treasury to pay bounties to ancient warriors who are entitled to them — the excuse being that they are too old. Too old to reap their due, but not too old to serve the Flag! Another crying scandal is that pensions are supposed to be paid to the widows of men who go under at the Front, but in cases where the soldier got married, and was hurried to France and killed, the wife is now refused a pension on the score that her husband did not provide her with a home before he was sent out to the slaughter!

Our Guardsmen's Effects.

Our recent reference to the personal property left behind in Barracks by the Brigade of Guards when they were ordered to the Front, has resulted in the receipt of several letters from the next-of-kin of men who have been killed, asking where they are to apply for the things to which they, naturally, attach so much value. We give it up. Surely somebody in the Guards' Barracks knows what became of these sacred relics—they could not dissolve it to thin air! We are earnestly hoping that the matter will be vigorously looked into.

Worse than Field Punishment.

We would direct the attention of Sir Douglas Haig to the new form of torture invented by some brutal Commanding Officer, which is aptly spoken of by Tommy as "up the pole." The unfortunate victim is placed astride a spar about six inches in diameter, his hands confined behind him, and his feet strapped within a few inches of the ground—and thus he has to sit for two hours at a time. If Sir Douglas calls for evidence from a certain Cavalry Division, and the M.T. Supply Column with the same Division he will get testimony which will astonish him. Some men have been ruined for life, and at least one committed suicide after undergoing the punishment. We wonder if the torture can have been invented by some Prussian disguised in a British military uniform.

The Duds of the Army.

We wish the Committee inquiring into the man-power of the nation had included in their duties an inspection of the many camps in England which contain hordes of broken-down soldiers totally unfit for military service—men who will never be of any use for fighting again. Why they are kept where they are passes our comprehension—they are an expense to the nation, eat the rations of fit combatants, and spend their time crawling about in pain, longing to be sent back to civil life.

A Way They Have.

In the Ordnance Department at Greenwich foreman writers receive £2 14s. a week, plus 3s. war bonus—whilst first-class writers get £1 19s. and 4s. bonus, and the second-class men receive £1 12s. a week without bonus. The men paid on the higher scale are almost without exception civilians who prefer clerical work to fighting—and the poorly-paid fellows are ex-soldiers who have done their best for the Empire. The Master-General of the Ordnance might let us know why this is so.

He Met Good Samaritans.

The other day a soldier, still in his blue uniform, was discharged from a Northern hospital to travel to Whitehaven—to see his little boy who had been run over by a motor-car—with a warrant entitling him to a half-fare ticket, but without a half-penny in his pocket. The ticket examiner had some of the milk of human kindness in him, and allowed the man to stay in the train, but could not guarantee that he would not be arrested at the end of the journey. Some fellow-passengers went around the carriages and collected thirty shillings, which put the poor fellow on his feet. This is a way they have in some military hospitals.

From Lowestoft.

Things do not appear to be improving at the Lowestoft base. Many sufferers complain about the way in which they are unnecessarily knocked about and put to much inconvenience through what appears to be a careless system of orders. A flotilla of six ships has combined crews of about three hundred men, but not a single sick bay steward or doctor. The other day, when his vessel was but two hours' run from port, an old sailor smashed his leg in two places, but he had to remain at sea for twenty-four hours before receiving treatment. The man at the base suffers, too, in common with the whole Service, through the small victualling allowance and rising prices of foodstuffs—which is a matter that Sir Edward Carson may well take in hand.

Lost and Found.

We are glad to have been of service to the War Office. Some time ago we commented on the lost legion of cyclists at the Chisledon Camp—they were kicking their heels around doing nothing, having apparently been overlooked. Somebody at the War Office rubbed his eyes when he saw the paragraph—with the result that the cyclists have since been turned into Infantry and Artillery men, and sent overseas—where they will be of more use than they were at home.

A Kick from Kingstown.

The skippers on the Government small-craft in Kingstown Harbour are up against several big grievances, which can be remedied by the Captain in command of the base. Some of the Commanders, while in harbour, are compelled to keep anchor watch, the same as deck hands; and more than once the little craft have been compelled to put to sea in weather which has kept destroyers in port. These are but two out of a catalogue of grievances which, if they are not at once remedied, we shall comment upon. Whitehall will then, doubtless, take steps.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

T. W. G. (Croydon).—Having a disablement pension, you ask if it will be reduced if you take up work. Certainly not.

MRS. B. (Streatham).—As your husband has, unfortunately, been killed, your separation allowance should be continued for 26 weeks—after which you will be granted a pension for yourself and children.

"PENSION" (Gravel Lane).—Send particulars of your husband's regiment, company, and number to the Paymaster at Hounslow.

J. N. (Euston).—I am sorry that, as you were not living with your husband at the time of his enlistment, you are not entitled to a separation allowance under the existing Regulations.

MRS. W. S. (Juniper Street).—Regret that the War Office authorities will not grant a pension in your case, as they hold that the disease was not contracted on active service.

"TOMMY" (Harrington Square).—As you were incapacitated while on home training, I regret to say that you cannot obtain a pension.

"SIMONS" (London, East).—See reply to "Tommy."

N. J. (Dublin).—Being disabled, you seem to be receiving a smaller pension than that to which you are entitled. See the Local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee—his name and address you will find at the Post Office or Town Hall. Then fill in form D.I., appealing for a supplementary pension.

MRS. B. J. (Bermondsey).—The time limit has now been removed, and your son may make an appeal, through his Commanding Officer, for a separation allowance on your behalf.

MRS. C. H. (Purley).—I have sent your case forward, and have received an assurance that it will be taken up.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Rfn. J. Holgate, R12607, C Coy., K.R.R.; Pte. Jack Dewhirst, 441618, A Coy., Canadians; Pte. H. H. Jury, 6632, A Coy., London Regt.; Pte. J. H. Beckett, 21582, A Coy., Royal Berks Regt.; Sapper G. Maxwell, 64550, No. 1 Signal Coy., Royal Engineers; Pte. W. H. Gillman, 12552, C Grenade Coy., R.W.R.; Pte. T. Walkden, 18243, King's O.R.L. Regt.; Pte. Thomas William Chatfield, 22302, Signal Section, Royal Fusiliers; Pte. C. R. Matthews, Stretcher Bearer, D Coy., Middlesex Regt.; Pte. J. E. Smith, 36380, 3rd Coy., King's Liverpool Regt.; Pte. J. A. Thornber, 26518, C Coy., Manchesters; Pte. W. Cade, 9348, C Coy., Leicester Regt.; Pte. H. Woolfe, 30661, C Coy., 9th Platoon, Royal Scots; Pte. J. Riley, 17641, D Coy., East Lancs.; 2nd Lieut. H. J. Badcock, 9th Norfolks; L.-Cpl. C. W. Ling, 19587, D Coy., K.R.R.; L.-Cpl. F. V. Paterson, 3168, A Coy., London Rifle Brigade; Pte. A. Pendlebury, 21393, A Coy., Royal Fusiliers.

BODY VERMIN THE WORST ENEMY

Our Lads in the trenches have been troubled more by body vermin than the Huns. They can now be made **vermin-free and vermin-proof** in a few minutes and at a trifling cost, thanks to the marvellous destructive power of

PARASITOX

which not only instantly kills every form of body parasite, but prevents the return of these dangerous and loathsome pests. It is, moreover, an equally sure protection against flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, and therefore specially valuable for soldiers in India, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Salonica.

FREE FROM GREASE.

Far more cleanly and pleasant as well as far more efficacious than any ointment. Does not stain or soil clothes; has an agreeable aromatic perfume.

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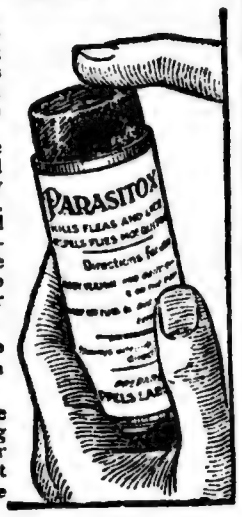

Every Soldier should have a Stick. Send one out in your next parcel.

Sticks (1/- each) obtainable from all Chemists, including all branches of Boots—or sent post free direct on receipt of P.O. for 1/- by **Sole Makers.**

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"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. In exceptional instances, make grants to ex-mans suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

"I must truly say you are my best friend. All the charity I have received, except yours, consisted of six tickets for a little piece of meat and a little milk, from the Rector. I have brought up fourteen children in this parish." So writes a stricken mother who has lost three sons at the war. She has discovered that our Fund is more generous than the Rector.

A soldier's wife had a child lying dangerously ill. The sad fact was reported to the Commanding Officer, who, however, brutally refused the father leave of absence. The man acted as a man, but not as a soldier—he took "French leave." Arrested, he was taken back to his unit, receiving a savage sentence which carried with it loss of pay. In the meantime, his wife had her allowance materially reduced, and was in a state bordering on starvation until she wrote to us.

The last paragraph states a very common case. Commanding Officers refuse leave to soldiers to see their loved ones when in dire distress. No wonder that in such circumstances there are grave breaches of discipline. Mr. Lloyd George is a democrat and a humanitarian, and we call upon him to seek out the uniformed brutes. Our soldiers must be given their rights as fathers, sons, and brothers, unless the most extreme military necessity prevents it.

A man was graciously allowed to leave the Army a far-gone consumptive. He was healthy when he enlisted, and was passed as such by one of the doctors who, in the matter of Army certificates, have caused us to cast a doubt on the military medicos "lock, stock, and barrel." The poor fellow is now lying on his back unable to provide for himself, his wife, and children. The unhappy man appealed to us, and we were glad to help.

JOHN BULL travels far; its circle of readers is world wide. It penetrates to the jungle in India, the bush in Australia, and the veldt of Africa. Some months ago we told the story of a poor widow who has now only her Old Age Pension, though her sons in the Service have laid down their lives for us, leaving her alone. Now, from the farthest jungle of Burma comes a letter from a tender-hearted English-woman whose lot is cast there, sending two guineas to the poor old soul. We respect the wish that the generous donor's name should not be disclosed, but take this means of thanking her.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

T. C., 2s. 6d.; "Perkins," 3s.; A. S., 2s. 6d.; R.N.V.R.S.W.S., Chelmsford Sec., per W. H. S., 10s. 6d.; "Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch," 27s. 6d.; "Admirer," 10s.; T. J., 5s.; "Judy," 1s.; E. S. (Millwall), £1; E. G. M. (Mold), 1s.; "May," 1s.; "A London Welshwoman," 10s.; B. W. (Bristol), 5s.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s. 6d.; "An Apprentice's Mother," 1s. 6d.; C. W. K., 1s.; "A Friend" (U. Tooting), 5s.; M. D., 5s.; Mrs. G., 1s.; N. and W., 6s. 6d.; Mrs. W. A. N., 1s.; "21185's Girl," 1s.; "Adila," 2s. 6d.; Anon. (France), 10s.; G. H. H. (Dudley), 2s.; R. S. G., £1; Mrs. E. H., 1s.; Anon., 5s.; L. W. E. (Annan), £1; R. N. T. (Glasgow), 10s.; Mr. and Mrs. W., 10s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; A. B., 1s.; A. A. R. (Thornton Heath), 2s.; M. W. (Blyth), 1s.; J. P. (Paisley) 5s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; W. N. S., 2s. 6d.; M. S., 6d; "Lake Chad," 12s. 6d.; E. M. F., 2s.; "A. B. C. Rancher," 2s.; L. N. (Leeds), 12s.; "Only a Tommy," 1s. 4d.; H. P. (Glasgow), 5s.; E. G. (Liverpool), 5s.; "Baby Joyce," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. B. (Bromley), £2 2s.; P. S. B. K. 2s. 6d.; "Tatsano Bruno," 2s. 6d.; "Sister G." (Wandsworth), 2s. 6d.; "Fortunate" (Palmer's Green), 10s.; "Rags" (Brighton), 2s.; L. M. S. (Johannesburg), £4 4s. N. V. L. (Custom House), 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier Boy's Mother," 2s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; "Reader" (New Forest), 2s.; E. C., 5s.; "Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch," £1 10s.; C. K. £1 15s.; "Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal)," 6s. 3d.; A. C. F. H., 1s. 6d.

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LONDON.—Mr. R. G. Ryan, "Duke of Cambridge," Palace Street Westminster, 2s. 6d.; Messrs. S. Cohen and Co., 141, Victoria Street, S.W., 3s. 0½d.; Mr. E. J. Oliver, "Archduke Charles," Rodney Road, Walworth, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. C. Chesterton, Faunce Arms, Faunce Street Kennington Park, 3s.; Mr. C. 'Butcher,' "Admiral" Hawke," 191, Jamaica Road, Bermondsey, 5s. 4d.; Messrs. Mace, Rainbow and Stone, 2 and 3, Gravel Lane, Houndsditch 5s.; Mr. M. A. Gittos, "Rose of Denmark," 222, Roman Road, Old Ford, £1 8s.

OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

YULETIDE GIFTS FOR THE LONDON POOR

Below we have pleasure in publishing a further list of donations to our fund for providing gifts for the London poor. We hope in an early issue to give an account of our stewardship, and meantime thank all those who have contributed, either in money or kind, as well as the workers whose voluntary services have done so much to make our effort successful.

DONATIONS.

"Rae," 5s.; L. B. B., 5s.; Mrs. J. T., 2s. 6d.; I. J. D., 1s.; R. N. T., 10s.; W. J. S., 5s.; W. B., 2s.; "An Evesham," 1s.; C. P. C., 4s.; P. C., 5s.; P. S. G., £1; "Constant Reader," 5s.; "Mother and Maids," 2s. 6d.; M. H., 5s.; "In Hospital," 2s. 6d.; W. G. R., 1s.; J. C. E., 2s.; J. T., 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. J. S., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. G., 5s.; "Lucy," 2s. 6d.; N. Y., Proceeds of Egg parties, 2s. 2d.; "From Two Readers," 5s.; E. M. B., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. B., 1s.; J. Mack., 1s.; "Mignon," 5s.; I. C., 10s.; "Soldier's Wife," 2s.; "Larensett," 2s. 6d.; M. E. B., 2s.; E. H., 1s.; "Three Mariners' Sons," 1s.; A. Y., 5s.; A. J. (Stratford), 1s.; W. H. A., £1; A. W. L. (Manchester), 10s.; "In Memory of Little Muriel," 12s. 6d.; "Alice," 1s.; "Constant Reader," £1; M. D., 2s.; E. L., 7s. 6d.; Miss P., 2s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. B., 10s.; C. L. B., 2s. 6d.; "A Mother of Four Soldiers," 5s.; T. E. C., 5s.; "Cecil, Jack, Ada, Nelly and Liv Vine," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L. S., 5s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; "Fortunate," 10s.; P. S. B. K., 2s. 6d.; "Yorkshire Terrier," 10s.; A. rs. D., 5s.; C. H., 2s.; E. J. R., 2s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 10s.; "Anon.," 10s.; Mrs. B., 9s.; Q. C., 2s.; Mrs. A. H., 5s.; W. M., 1s.; C. Fit.G., £2 2s.; B. R., 10s.; "Bohemia Road," 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. J. F., 1s.; Mrs. A. D., 10s.; E. G., 5s.; "Wombat," 2s. 6d.; "In His Name," 4s. 7d.; "Mother of Six," 1s.; Miss H., 6d.; R. M., 5s.; "Welshman," 5s.; "An Old Brightonian," £1. We have also received parcels of clothing, toys, etc., from the following:—Mrs. F. (Acton); T. C. (New Malden); "Artipas"; Miss C. S. (Twyford); J. N. (Chiswick); Mrs. M. E. S. (Kingston); G. D. (Trowbridge); R. H. C.; H. A. E. (Wanstead); Mrs. A. S. M. (Arran); S. A.; Doris R.; Mrs. A. B.; Mrs. H.; Mrs. C.; Mrs. M. E. S.; "Jessamine Corner"; J. N. H.; Miss E. D.; "Odds and Ends." Mrs. A. W. H.

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A really good, keen-edged razor is a necessity to any man and would be an ideal and useful Christmas present. SELFRIDGE'S "Permedge" Razor is made from the finest Sheffield steel, is scientifically ground and fully guaranteed for 12 months. It is made in three sizes suitable for light, medium and heavy beards, and so confident are we of its value that should any razor not suit your requirements we will replace it. Black Handle, Price 3/9

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Baby Russell.

A SIXPENNY BOOK FREE. Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. Address: BOX 694, THE VENO DRUG CO., LTD., MANCHESTER.

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ASTHMA, BLOOD-SPITTING, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Larger sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

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NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 22.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of LEGAL inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. FINANCIAL and INSURANCE inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

THE EDITOR'S ILLNESS—The Editor desires to thank a large number of readers for their kind inquiries during his recent illness. He is now well on the way to convalescence. At the same time, he desires to acknowledge the usual generous supply of seasonable greetings.

A. L. (Wexford).—We are to "obey the doctor, not get about too soon," and dodge pneumonia—to avoid "a national calamity"! So we have some friends in Ireland, after all.

F. C. (Glasgow).—Even about the Kaiser we cannot, to oblige you, publish at Christmas time such a sulphurous and brimstone burning verse. Besides, we think the All-Lowest is realising his own particular hell here on earth.

"AN ANZAC" ("France, Mud")—"Reference your leader, 'Are you Wanted?'—Yes, over here; up to your neck in mud like the rest of us." Make no mistake—we would sooner be with you out there than here.

"CONSTANT READER" (St. Ives).—"People round Penzance and district are again filling for flower-bulbs instead of foodstuff." Matters, however, look like being put on a proper basis.

"FOUR READERS" (Lemington-Tyne).—Yes, it is hard when men have to work in the same office with Objects and Registered Germans. As they cannot leave or strike, it is not their fault they are in such company.

"GODSTONE."—Sorry to hear there are fit slackers on the staff at Godstone who "won't do much else than take five days' leave every fortnight."

CAPT. G. (B.E.F.).—Don't ask us to go grubbing up percentages and multifarious figures. This is our busy day!

T. K. (Glasgow).—The parson who screamed with rage when he saw you reading us on the railway was one of the few who do not like us. You "did not correct him on his lack of manners, because the more one tramples on filth the more obnoxious it becomes." Terse.

W. G. H. (Cork) and ABOUT FIFTY OTHERS send us samples of luminous buttons, bands, etc., which they have designed for use during the dark nights. We are afraid, however, life is too short to give them all a practical test.

G. F. A. (Buenos Aires).—Thanks for copy of programme of your Patriotic Gathering. Hope the recitation of our poem went well. Congrats. on the splendid financial result for the Red Cross.

"INQUIRER" (Newcastle).—Your suggestion is to do a certain thing "on the strict q.t.," and you ask for our views. They are nearly the same as yours, and to ventilate them here would not keep them quiet.

"SHOP EGG" (Goldthorpe).—"Are there more shopworkers than miners serving in his Majesty's Forces; could you kindly give me the figures?" Some of you good people must think we spend our time playing counting games.

"EXCHANGE" (B.E.F.).—"Combing out should start at the regimental depots. I know of hundreds of men who have never heard the roar of a gun, and are never likely to while they can hold on to soft jobs and go mashing." No doubt Lord Derby will print this on the tablets of his memory.

J. F. (Shipley).—"Stick to it, laad; tha'll meak good yet!" We are sticking to it like glue.

"A WELL-WISHER" (Bolton).—"As a mere girl I did not buy your paper for a long time, because the stern-looking figure and fierce animal on the front did not appeal to my feminine nature." But we do not look on girls with that stern face; neither we, nor the dog, would bite you.

A. M. R. (Shepherd's Bush).—"I get ideas which are prophetic. At 11 a.m. on the day of the Taube's visit I thought, Germany will send Taubes. Same day, Taube No. 1 arrived over London." Have a lucky thought next time and see if the luck turns up.

P. W. B. (Streatham).—Criticising our remarks about the London Fire Brigade, you say, "Some will openly tell you they joined to dodge military service." That makes our case all the stronger.

"JOCK."—"A badge for men rejected for Kitchener's army. Also rejected by the Medical Board." Too many proposals of that kind, "Jock." At that rate, badges would be as common as the Iron Cross.

"NIX" (Rugby).—A single man, 32, has no right to sit on a Tribunal, "sending married, but keeping single men if they join the V.T.C." If he is not medically unfit, tell him what you think of him. But make sure first.

A "V.A.D." (Highgate).—The hospitals could not carry on without the splendid, ungrudging work of the voluntary nurses. To say they are undignified only means they are not stuck up.

"GENUINE" (London) says that when a man applies at Labour Exchanges for employment on munitions he is referred to the factory, and when he goes to the factory he is stopped at the gates and referred to the L.E. Almost like the game of "Round and Round the Mulberry Bush."

D. W. A. (Stockton).—A "terminological inexactitude" is a statement that is not exactly true. In other words, a ——.

"SERGEANT" (S. Docks).—"I should like to call attention to the way the Huns are treated at Birmingham." We will call attention for you. They are treated splendidly.

E. D. (Taunton).—Want us to tell you the meaning of your dream about the full moon, the Kaiser's face, and defeat for Germany? Were we Joseph, we would delicately suggest perhaps lobster salad.

PTE. M. (Exeter).—Naturally you were disgusted, on buying a tobacco-box adorned with the flags of Great Britain and the Allies, to find inside a slip printed "Made in Germany." Don't worry. The same old flags will presently be "*Displayed* in Germany."

J. B. (Evesham).—"Surely to God, charity begins at home." A pious form of an ancient proverb, which the Quakers seem to have overlooked in their zeal for the welfare of "Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress." And why, in the name of consistent folly, are the Turks and Bulgars always left out in the cold?

"A SAILOR'S WIFE" (Ramsgate).—We were told sailors always get Christmas pudding, and do not need any sent. Yet your husband, on a destroyer, says he gets none—only bully beef and biscuits. As he has been three years without leave, we hope he was home for the 25th. It's nearly time!

T. A. H. (New Brighton, S. Africa).—We agree that "the great failing of our country is being too magnanimous to our enemy."

A. B. (Burnley).—We can but admit that the "only son of widows" pledge has been broken time and time again.

E. C. (Sleaford).—Any man who says that "the war is the greatest blessing to our country" is either a humbug or an ass.

"FAIR PLAY" (Cheadle).—It does not necessarily follow that because a man is "well-built" he ought to be in the Army. Perhaps his internal fittings are out of order.

"WIVES OF SOLDIERS" (No address).—There can be no peace till we have achieved our objects in the war. Germhuny must acknowledge defeat, evacuate occupied territories, and expiate her infernal crimes.

"READER" (Frizinghall).—Why be shocked? Don't you know Bradford loves Germhuns almost as well as it loves Government contracts?

E. N. (South Newington).—"What has become of the Peace Palace opened by Queen Wilhelmina?" It still exists at The Hague as a monument to the world's greatest delusion.

"DEAL BOATMAN."—"To stop German warships coming here and getting away again, why not bottle up Ostend and Zeebrugge by sinking old tramp steamers filled with chalk at harbour entrances? Station a few torpedo boats at Yarmouth, Ramsgate, Dover, and Dunkirk." Such is an "old man's" wisdom.

"FARMER" (near Derby).—Interested to hear of a man who is not a practical farmer, but can milk cows, and who secures exemption for a son who has been trained to teach the family's ass to eat thistles. A fine family affair all round, including the thistle-gorger.

"A WORKER" (Middlesex).—"Girls on munition work subjected to disgusting language from "charge hands," who pose as skilled workers and scoff at soldiers"—it's a sorry tale, and makes us long to get at the skunks.

"STANDARD."—"We shall be compelled to eat bread made from offal." Oh, no; it isn't so "offal" as all that. Properly made, it is rather nice.

R. A. (New Brighton) says that if we will guarantee to pay him £20 he will tell us how this war can be stopped in six months. He had better communicate with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or join the Cabinet.

G. W. W. (Oxford) tells us that about 10,000 acres of the Duke of Buccleuch's land used to grow oats once on a time; it is now pasturage for sheep. Scotland, with her taste for oats, should cast an eye—not a sheep's eye—on Eskdalemuir.

"RESPECTABLE MARRIED WOMEN."—Scandal at the browning shop in a certain factory! That looks black. Seriously, your best course is a round robin (all signatures in a ring, so that nobody seems first) addressed to the Superintendent.

"AN IRISH COLONIAL" (Chelsea).—Your remedy for trouble is to colonise Ireland by sending Englishmen there, as we send them to the Colonies. What sort of welcome would they get?

W. S. (Cwm).—Without doubt, Tommy is fed better than any soldier in the world. Your son, who has been facing the Huns for two years, and lives on bully beef and biscuits, and even then sometimes runs short, must be unlucky in the choice of Quartermaster.

"FOEL GASYTH" (Liverpool).—As the Ministry of Munitions has turned down your improvements on the Tanks, we can do no more than tell the world how this country neglects its greatest men.

"VETERAN" (Chopwell) says that at this colliery there are "families of from four to seven sons, all of military age." We agree that the young miners ought to go and older men be utilised wherever possible.

"SAME SEAM" (Chopwell.)—"Pay all Conscientious Objectors ten bob a day to join the Army, and the rush would drive all the recruiting sergeants raving lunatics." In that case the rush would be fine, but the drive would be horrible.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Seven Kings).—You are only one of millions who "wish Britain would treat Germhuny as Germhuny treats us."

J. B.—Don't know anything about Mr. Blackbeard, but he sounds like a barber. Not related to the deceased Mr. Bluebeard, we presume?

"EXONIAN" (Exeter).—We do not know sufficient about local municipal affairs to intervene, but note that the Corporation of Exeter "has no body, soul, or spirit—only a corporation!" One of those windy corporations that need a tonic.

V. D. (Gillingham).—The Secretary of the "No Peace League" thanks you for the postal order, value 10s.

"ANGE PITOU" (Glasgow) sends us a postcard he has received speaking in high terms of the "JOHN BULL Pen," and tells us that it is from "the seventh friend who has secured one of our noted pens through his transferring coupons, which he makes a point of retaining every week for the purpose. Out of the seven, five have become regular subscribers." Good man—and good men.

"CABMAN" (Greenwich).—The Union of Licensed Vehicle Workers had a private Flag Day instead of a public one, as otherwise the collection of funds for the purchase of a motor ambulance would have been delayed for a couple of months. However, a 20 h.p. car, fitted with all improvements—including central heating—has been purchased and by this time has been presented to the Red Cross.

V. H., "ASYEWOULD," and "A 'V. A. D.'"—Many thanks for your 1s., 10s. and 2s. respectively, which we have had much pleasure in sending to the poor old lady of Jarrow, fined for her ignorance of the new Registration Order.

G.W.W. ("At Anchor, Southwold").—"Please excuse apparent levity, for I am old and laugh but rarely." But there's plenty of life in the old dog yet.

H. B. (Attercliffe).—You took our advice, and have received back 5s. 6d. out of 6s. 6d. paid to the Stockwell Watch Co. You are wise—and lucky.

PTE. F. W. R. (Canterbury).—"We know it's right to do our bit, For we're no blooming slackers, But many at forty are unfit To jump about like crackers." Truth in a quatrain!

M. R. (Cardiff).—"Why does the Y.M.C.A. employ Conscientious Objects when there are medically unfit men to do the work?" We must pass that on to Mr. Yapp.

"COMPETITOR" (Dalston).—How can you stop Somerset House clerks from entering a competition under an assumed name? One artful gent. actually offered to sell his special knowledge to all comers, but our exposure cut him off in the bud and he has now had to join the army.

"DISGUSTED" (Stockport).—Nothing to be "Disgusted" about. The boys in the picture were not "fatherless," and to speak of them as "urchins" was not "insulting." Consult the dictionary.

H. V. R. (Bow).—"Let me no wot bred we shal eat if thes bestly Jermens sink orl of our bots, an when we hav orl eatcn the food wich ther is in this coantry." The bred ov ad-verse-c-t. But buc up an doan b sew pessy-miss-tick.

"CAUTIOUS."—The gent. who offered to lend £100 at 10 per cent., and then said the deal was off because you did not send 22s. 6d. "for expenses," is one of many. You were right to be "Cautious."

"SWANAGE."—The advertiser who mentions seven servants for family of five in a small seaside villa, is moderate compared with some. We have heard of two in family—ten indoor servants!

"CAMBERWELL."—"Her mother boasts that her daughter can take £2 in 2 or 3 hours, and then her day's work is done." Not half a do, either.

"DUTY" (Mitcham).—The Mitcham Gas Works is "nothing more than a bomb-proof dug-out for slackers," is it? Let's hope they will be dug out.

E. P. W. (Brunswick Square, W.C.).—Naturally you will advise your housemaid to take no notice of Barclay's bunkum. The stuff he sends out from Argyll House, Kensington High Street, W., is a delusion and a snare.

C. J. McG. (C.F.A., Shorncliffe).—If you made a bet that a train between New York and Chicago attained a speed of 100 miles a minute, we guess you were like that train. Too quick.

C. C. (Glasgow).—The firm advertising for a first-class confectioner, "well up in high-class chocolate centres" and offering "6s. a week and bonus," must be real downright wasteful, extravagant, spend-thrift Scotsmen.

E. H. N. (R.I.R., 10th Batt.).—That brute of a car-driver convicted at Broughshane of cutting his horse's tongue with a knife ought to have been sent to gaol.

C. C. (Stockwell).—As the proportionate figures for smaller numbers showed, the price of the Adey's cigars should have been given as 17s. a hundred, not 12s.—and good value, too!

J. J. (Salford) says that a Manchester tradesman refused to engage a soldier's wife because if her husband came home she would want leave of absence. So would the tradesman if he were a soldier's wife.

"SKILLED ENGINEER" (Streatham), as a result of his experience of being "messed about" by the Volunteer Munitions Brigade, is convinced that the services of skilled engineers are not worth having.

"SHEFFIELD BLADE" (Broomhall).—Yes. The Premium Watch Co., Normandy Place, Brixton Road, London, trade on the fact that fools and their money are soon parted.

A. S. (Walthamstow) suggests that Borough Councils should provide underground retreats for the people to go during Zepp. raids. The people had much better stay indoors.

"GUNNER" (Aldershot).—You "do not and never will agree with all we say." How do you know you may not agree with what we say next? Criticise us by all means—but not in advance.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

That EARLY MORNING COUGH & THROAT IRRITATION.

PEPS

Give Strength to the Lungs.

TAKE Peps to stop that early morning cough from settling on the lungs and causing mischief which may undermine your constitution.

Especially if you are a munition worker your best defence against sudden changes of atmosphere and the dusty air of workshop is to let a Peps tablet or two dissolve in your mouth on your way to or from work. That troublesome cough and throat irritation will then soon cease. There will be no more of that choking for breath, that tickling in the throat, or that "scraping" of the chest.

Directly a Peps tablet is put into the mouth its medicinal germ destroying medicine is released in an air-like form and filters every breath passing into the lungs. Bronchial sufferers will find Peps the best defence in the bad weather.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine dealers.

PEPS

"A Pine Forest in Every Home."

Boys Wanted for Wireless Service

Boys between the ages of 14 and 17 years are wanted to train as Wireless Operators, and parents who are concerned about their boys' future will do well to write for a copy of the new free book which has been published to show how this rapidly developing profession may be entered. The work is light, the pay is good, and promotion is certain and rapid. The duties can be learned in spare time by any boy who has had an ordinary elementary education, and on becoming proficient he will be assisted into a good berth.

For Free Book, address the

Post Supervisor,

N.B. WIRELESS SCHOOLS, LTD.

141, Bath-street, Glasgow,
8, George-square, Edinburgh,
Melville House, Dundee.

TRY "BULLETS" FOR 1917!

FIRST PRIZE £250

2nd PRIZE £25

3rd PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

☛ A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, January 4th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(219) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 219 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, January 4th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(219) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, January 4th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(219) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition **No. 220.** These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these Offices on or before **THURSDAY, JANUARY 11th.** Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number **220** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 220,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 220.

TOMMY	PUTTING DOWN DRINK	SEEING HER HOME	HOWLING SUCCESS
IN THE CABINET	TROUBLE BREWING	GOING TO PRESS	WHAT WIFE THINKS
TRYING HIS BEST	DEVIL TO PAY	MOST PROMISING	IN THE KNOW
FOOD DICTATOR	MAKES FATHER SMART	MONEY FOR NOTHING	A BIG BLUFF
CAUSES ILL FEELING	SWEET NOTHINGS	HER FIRST KISS	THE KAISER'S LATEST

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be enclosed in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 219.

HAPPY NEW YEAR
WILHELM'S LATEST OVE
BREAKING THE JOB
THE GOVERNMENT'S TASK
BY GEORGE
FORBIDDEN FRUIT
WORK FOR ALL
NOT TO BE FOUND
SITTING STILL
PUSHING ON
WHEN TURKEY'S FINISHED
WELL DONE
AFTER THE PUDDING
UNDER THE MISTLETOE
CHRISTMAS CHEER
THE WRONG GIRL
BETTER OFF
HELPING HIM OUT
FATHER'S FANCY
LITTLE TROUBLES
WHAT TOMMY DISLIKES
CONTROLLING DRINK
YOUNG POLICEMEN
A PRETTY STORY
EXPECTING LITTLE
BROKEN DOWN
A FAIR DECEIVER
A BIG MISTAKE
FAST FAVOURITE
PRINCIPAL BOY
THE KAISER'S RESOLUTION

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:

Example:—
FAST FAVOURITE.
Bullet:—
WITH TOMMY, CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Example:—
BROKEN DOWN.
Bullet:—
CHEAP MOTOR OFFER.

Example:—
HAPPY NEW YEAR.
Bullet:—
EVERYBODY'S WISH

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated January 20th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated December 30th

RESULT OF 216TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000 :-

Mr. J. ELAM,
47, Wragley Road,
Leytonstone, London, N.E.

Example :—GERMAN SOLLIERS.
Bullet :—"SIGNIFY IN USUAL WAY."

SECOND PRIZE OF £250 :—

Mrs. M. WATERHOUSE,
"Fernhelme," Rye, Sussex.

Example :—SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.
Bullet :—BOTH SIDES WISH "FURTHER."

THIRD PRIZE OF £100 :—

Mr. A. McAINSH,
7, Tankerville Road,
Streatham Common, London, S.W.

Example :—BORROWING HABITS.
Bullet :—ITS VICTIMS SELDOM "RECOVER."

10 PRIZES OF £10 EACH :—

Mr. J. DOYLE, 19, Grange Road, West Bromwich: ALL THE RAGE—"UNSEEN HAND" AT CHRISTMAS.
Mrs. A. BARBOUR, Bon Lea House, Thornaby-on-Tees: GERMAN SOLDIERS—"PITY" THEY DON'T KNOW.
Mrs. P. BROWNLEE, 12, Clift St., Newtown, Carlisle: WHEN COURTING—LOTS OF "GOOD NIGHTS."
Mr. C. REECE, 9, Severn Road, Sharpness, Glos.: MOST UNLIKELY—NEIGHBOURS BORROWING THE BABY.
Mr. A. M'CREADIE, 60, Stevenson Street, East Glasgow: WHEN COURTING—HOME LATE, MARRIED "LATER."
Mr. R. B. FRANKLIN, 25, Olga Street, Stockton-on-Tees: ALL THE RAGE—SMALLER "CABINET"—CLEVERER "TRICKS."
Mr. ALEXANDER DOW, 189, Hunter Street, Glasgow: SELDOM WORKS—ADMIRING WIFE'S OLD HAT.
Mrs. E. DICKENSON, c.o. The Naples, Billemoor Road, Southampton: WHY MAID LEFT—TURNED KITCHEN INTO CANTEEN.
Mr. O. LLEWELLYN, 17, Victoria Road, Edmonton, London: TOMMY LIKES—DIFFERENT ACCENT ON "PRESENT."
Cpl. F. MEADOWS, 04166, 6, Polygon Mews, Edgware Road, London, W.: WHEN COURTING—THEIR QUARRELS SELDOM "LAST."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Pte. G. WATSON, 23, George Street, Stroud, Glos.:— SEEING THE PICTURES—BALFOUR'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH NAVY.
Mrs. D. BULLEN, "Bitton," 1, Princess St. S., Exeter: WHEN POLICEMAN'S WANTED—"GOOD LOOKS" "FETCH" HIM.
Mr. J. HOLLAND, 11, Greenfield Rd., Burnbank, Hamilton: WHEN COURTING—NEVER BOAST ABOUT WAGES.
Miss B. NICHOLSON, 18, Winship Ter., Byker, Newcastle: WHEN COURTING—WE "PART" WITH "DISCRETION."
Mr. H. DAVEY, 123, Overton Road, Hillsbro', Sheffield: TOMMY LIKES—LIQUID FIRE—O. PUDDING.
Miss E. COTTON, 44, Padwell Road, Southampton: LITTLE WILLIE'S MISTAKE—FORGOT TO BLAME PICTURES.
Mr. H. LINGARD, 58, Honeywell Lane, Oldham: ALL THE RAGE—SUNKEN TREASURE, AFTER WAR.
Miss E. PRICE, 67, Hartington St., Newcastle-on-Tyne: CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR—MY SKATES—FIRST TRY.
Miss M. SOULSBY, 4, Oakhurst Terrace, Benton, near Newcastle-on-Tyne: TAKING THE PLEDGE—TICKET OF "LEAVE OFF."
Mrs. FORDER, 7, Moat Croft Road, Eastbourne: MOST UNLIKELY—MILKMAN GETTING CHRISTMAS BOX.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 23rd.

007,010	295,098	600,464	916,320	A229,159
050,267	368,124	635,623	942,577	A253,266
061,629	380,735	667,410	970,289	A276,888
074,468	407,438	696,229	993,764	A337,547
122,987	423,852	751,003	A035,986	A364,246
166,874	461,420	789,587	A051,032	A403,998
197,123	482,687	832,324	A149,299	A467,741
209,004	510,295	858,708	A165,756	A481,335
248,257	555,257	866,174	A183,872	A537,128
274,861	587,826	887,836	A199,968	A566,643

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Jan. 3rd).

ANOTHER £5 PAID.

The Copy of JOHN BULL dated 9th December, 1916, and numbered 147,044, for which a Reward of £5 was offered, has been forwarded to us by Mr. F. Haslett, Castlebar, Reigate, to whom a cheque has accordingly been sent.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for December 16th 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 374,268 and A084,744. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, January 4th.**

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(219) P.O. No......

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	**£200**
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	**£100**
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	**£350**
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	**£25**
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	**£10**

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for *all* the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Dec. 30th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day *(Strike out one of these.)* Dec. 30th, 1916

(a) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Address of home.....

.....

'Tis our Goblin tourists' day in the streets of old Bombay,
And their latest brilliant notion fills the native heart with glee;
For the cheerful Oriental
In the turban ornamental,
Appreciates our fragrant Chairman Juniors 10 for 3.

In the training camps, in the canteens in Flanders, on all the Army fronts where the boys in khaki are, in Cairo and far Bombay, Chairman Juniors are to be found. They are so likeable, such thoroughly satisfactory cigarettes that the discriminating smoker is well content with them. The reason is *quality*. There is no better blend of fine Virginia for economical every-day smoking. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes in every particular but size and that is a trifle smaller to permit them to be sold by tobacconists and at canteens everywhere at

3d. for 10.

R. J. LEA, Ltd Manchester.

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All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.